

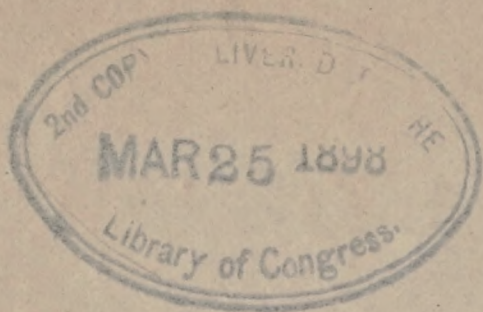
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HENRY MEYERD'S
ADVENTURES
IN THE...
ARCTIC REGIONS.



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JENNIFER MAYNARD'S

ARTIC REGIONS

AND PETERSEN

1914

MAR 5 1898

HENRY MAYNARD'S

ADVENTURES
IN THE.....

ARCTIC REGIONS

TRANSLATED BY

A. J. PETERSEN.

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THE GAZETTE PRINT,
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CHAPTER I.

It was midnight, and the time for changing watchman had arrived. The night was very dark, and the waves rolled as high as mountains. Thunder claps came heavy and rapidly, and quick flashes of lightning crossed the heavens; the wind howled and roared through the riggings.

It was on board a large vessel built chiefly for whale-fishing, which was now making its way through the northern waters, and was in 60 degree north latitude. Although it was in the month of June it was terribly cold.

By the faint light from a few lanterns, mingled with the sharp flashes of lightning, it could be distinguished what was going on, on deck.

Two men were steering, their eyes constantly gazing upon the compass, and their ears strained to catch every order given by the captain, who, together with two men stood close by, their faces turned towards the bow.

The vessel was under full sail; which made her almost too top heavy in a storm like this.

"A rough night, captain," said a young man who stood close by, his face almost hidden by his sou-wester which was pulled rather far down over his eyes, "this is the worst I have ever seen".

And as bad as I ever witnessed, Henry, answered the captain, and I have plowed the seas for nearly thirty years; but the polar seas are not to be compared with a

duck pond my boy." Mr. Williams, we had better take in one of those top sails she is working terribly, continued the captain, turning towards a short square shouldered man who stood quietly by his side. Take in one sail? Well I have not sailed in these frozen waters as long as you have, but I should judge we had better pull in all; as I think the bare masts would be safest in this storm. As you choose Mr. Williams, said the captain, I have never found your opinion wrong, and besides it is now your turn to take command, and I shall not meddle; call me at the least change in the weather; I dare say that the wind will drop off before morning. Come Henry, we will go below and rest a little while.

Both the captain and Henry looked around, and although the wind howled, the waves rolled and foamed, and thunder and lightning seemed to increase in violence, there was not the least sign of fear in their faces as they went below to take refreshment and rest.

They entered a small cabin which had but little accommodation; on each side was a kind of a shelf about two feet wide, and about three feet from the floor; these went by the name of "bunks" or beds. Here and there was a board projecting from the wall which answered for seats; in the center hung a lamp, which was so arranged as to always remain upright in whatever position the ship might be.

Under the ceiling hung, guns, revolvers, swords, and different varieties of harpoons. The odor from tobacco, rum, soap, oil, cheese, etc., greeted them as they entered; and was far from agreeable to a man that was accustomed to the luxuries of a well arranged home.

But the hardships of the sea soon makes a man used to such, and he feels as contented to rest there as in the best furnished room.

Both the captain and Henry were wet, cold, and hungry; and their first thought was something to eat; which consisted of cold salt fish, a few potatoes and crackers, which was washed down with a mixture of rum and water.

The captain was a man some over forty, with a rough weather beaten face; but still showing signs of good nature and intelligence. His short black hair was already turning gray; he was very sober, but just as they entered a smile crossed his face when he eyed the young man and saw the disgusted look on him in response to the odor that met them upon opening the door.

Henry Maynard was a young man nigh on twenty-one, a little taller then the average, with an oval face, brown eyes, and very dark hair. He showed signs of good character, when he spoke he drew the attention of those around him, as he had what is a blessing to men, "an elegant voice". His forehead showed deep thought and hard study. In fact, according to his whole bearing he seemed out of place in the cabin of this whale-hunter. He was however in sailor costume and was first mate on board the "Fanny".

The reason for a young man of his standing to take this course in life will hereinafter be explained.

Now tell me Mr. Maynard, said the captain as they sat down to partake of their cold lunch; what do you begin to think of Polar expeditions, whalefishing, etc?

It is as I expected; hard work. more storms and rough

weather then calm, said the young man, as he grabbed for the edge of his bed to keep from being thrown across the cabin, the ship rolling and plunging fearfully.

I should say so Mr. Maynard, we have had a very rough voyage so far; we have arrived early on fishing ground, and not a whale has showed up yet, and I heard some remarks among the crew that we would have bad luck, said the captain eyeing the young man closely.

You know Captain Shipton that whale fishing is not our main object, although we expect to pay part of our expense with it. I am here on other business.

I am aware of it, Mr. Maynard, but how could you leave your father's house, your pretty intended bride, and all the luxuries and happiness of a home like yours to come out here and be tossed around by the foaming waters of the ocean, perhaps never to return again? as for me, well I am a poor man and compelled to in order to earn a living for my wife and children, "God bless them", but with you it is different. I have not the education you have, although I had a better rearing than most sailors. But I fail to see what could induce you to take this step; you have wealth, a girl you love, a happy home and everything a man can wish for in this world, at your command.

Mr. Shipton, I am not very sleepy, and if you have an hour or two to spare, I will now, that we are drawing near the scene, explain to you how I came to be here, and my motive for coming, at the age of twenty-one, to the Polar seas.

I will remain up all night, said the captain, filling his pipe and speaking with an air of good humor, if I can

get this matter fully explained to me. Take a pipe young man, a sailor can't get along without tobacco, and you know I hate to smoke alone.

Well, to please you captain, said Henry with a smile, will take a few puffs, but as to learning all that is customary to the life of a sailor, outside of business duties I don't feel much inclined to, and the young man sat down to commence his story.

As the captain was familiar with certain parts of his history, which Henry therefore left out in their conversation, we will now explain a little more definite, so as to make the reader better acquainted with his situation.

He was the only son of a wealthy merchant, who owned, besides his immense business property, a large place at Petershill, which his wife had inherited.

Being rich and quite liberal, he spent large sums in completing a library in which could be found books of nearly all descriptions.

His place of business being in Plymouth, he spent most of the day there, but left his wife and child at their country home, as he thought it the best place to bring up their boy. Mr. Maynard used to go on horse back to attend his duties, returning for supper, and then spend the rest of the day in company with his wife and child, or if they had other engagements he would go to his library to read.

His little boy had all the enjoyments of the day. A park with a herd of deer, a large pond which was always supplied with boats and small vessels under the supervision of an old sailor by the name of Timothy Stop, who after a number of years' service on one of Mr. Maynard's

vessels had lost one leg, and was now young Henry's servant and companion.

He would take him boat riding and would tell of his adventures on the ocean; thus the boy became more and more interested in reading about expeditions, voyages etc.

He would study hard at his daily task, and then rush into the library, take down Cook, Haklyt, Frobisher or Barenz, and would be so interested in reading that he seldom would notice anyone entering.

As long as he attended his regular studies and daily exercises properly, his father would not interfere with his reading in the library, or take a book and go out to some secluded spot on the premises.

Henry was accustomed to rise at six in the morning, go out for a walk in the park (generally taking Mr. Stop with him), and return at eight for breakfast.

It was one morning in the month of May, the year of his tenth birthday (it being a holiday and his father and mother having stayed in the city that night), that he went into the library at daybreak and hunted the shelves over as though nothing was suitable; finally taking down a book he started out alone.

Passing through the little growth of trees opposite the house, he went along a narrow path to a well hidden spot in the woods. This was his favorite place.

The hour of eight arrived, but Henry had not showed up yet. Thinking that he had gone to the city to meet his parents, nobody thought of looking for him.

But at five o'clock in the afternoon he returned, pale and excited, his eyes staring as though he had been

frightened by some wild beasts. He was very hungry, His father, having just arrived, asked him where he had been.

Spent the day alone reading, he answered slowly.

He was not questioned further, but his father told him not to forget his meals another time, as such neglect was injurious to his health.

He ate his meal without saying a word; something that was unusual, but it was thought to be on account of not having had any nourishment all day.

I think you better go out and take a little walk Henry said his mother, after they had finished their meal; take Mr. Stop with you, but be back for tea; and don't run or get overheated as you are feverish.

Thank you mother, the air will do me good, said he, and nodding to his parents he walked quietly out.

A few minutes later they saw him with a book under his arm, walking in the direction of the woods, in company with Mr. Stop.

That boy has a great desire for reading, said his father; will have to take him into town for a change, he needs more exercise.

He looks paler of late, said Mrs. Maynard; but Stop can take him out a little more; and I will get him to ride by my side, when I go out for my afternoon ride.

That is a good idea, dear Helen, said Mr. Maynard as he rose and walked out.

The next morning, and for a month after, Henry and Stop would go out regularly at a certain hour; taking their breakfast with them, which consisted of bread, butter and milk; returning at ten to wash and dress, and then

part; Henry going to his studies, and Stop to rig a boat or other work for his young master.

Their four hours absence regularly every morning made Mr. and Mrs. Maynard wonder at what they passed their time with; and took up the task of investigating.

One fine June morning they started out together in the direction they had seen Henry and Stop so often go; and following a crooked path that led through the thick woods, they soon heard voices.

Going in that direction they came to an open spot; they stopped short, and looked surprised; there was their boy imitating Robinson Crusoe on his island, Mr. Stop acting as Friday, and a goat enclosed with a few pickets answered for Crusoe's herd.

Old Stop was busy sawing a plank, while Henry with an old umbrella over his head, was giving his orders from a book which he held in his hand.

Now Friday, he said suddenly, we must have our breakfast I feel hungry.

Yes Mr Robinson, said Stop; but first let me feed the goat.

And while Henry laid on a plank and read the book," which we readily guess was the story of "Robinson Crusoe," the brave old Tim Stop went and fed the goat which Mrs. Maynard recognized as one of her pets.

Mrs. Maynard was about to speak but her husband drew her back and let her quietly away.

When out of hearing Mrs. Maynard asked; but why did you come away so quiet ?

Because my dear Helen, the boy looked so happy, I would not for all the world have disturbed him there.

So they walked on towards the house and for some time paid no more attention to Mr. Robinson and Friday's morning walk.

But after a while this began to drop off, the boy taking more interest in other books and did not spend as much time in the woods.

One day Mr. Maynard said in a pleasant voice; well Mr. Crusoe you seem to be getting tired of your island and your cave?

What papa! did you know that? said the boy blushing.

Yes my son, for three months have I known it, and your mother also.

And you never scolded me? said Henry, his face brightening as he spoke.

My dear boy, you seemed so happy, and always attended your studies and other tasks to my entire satisfaction; I have always allowed you to enjoy yourself to your heart's content; when you only kept out of mischief; but how did you come to feel so interested in your imagined cave?

Because I seemed a little like Crusoe; I should have felt perfectly happy had I been in his place.

But my dear boy, you don't seem to think of his sufferings and loneliness.

But he had Friday for company.

Yes, at the latter end it was not so lonesome, but he was alone for twenty years. without mother, sister, friend or companion; and you will remember that his life was a constant battle.

But papa, who can gain a name without hardships; see Captain Cook.

My dear boy, Captain Cook went through everything in reality; and done service to his country; but Robinson Crusoe lived only in Daniel Defoe's imagination.

What ! Robinson Crusoe only a story, and no truth in it! cried Henry at the top of his voice, and his eyes filled with tears.

Yes my boy, and one of the finest ever written; it is very interesting, and we can learn a great deal from it. First we learn how Crusoe suffered for disobeying his parents; then he is taken a slave and afterwards thrown upon an island; here God has mercy on him and keeps him supplied with the necessary wants; finally when his thoughts are gathered and he begins to love his redeemer, he is given a companion, and at last released from his lonely place. I hope to find you interested in it when you grow up, as well as now.

Henry did not answer; he remained quiet and after a few minutes reflection he suddenly started out to tell Mr. Stop that they had believed in something which never had occurred; and it is hard to explain who was the most surprised the old sailor or the boy.

CHAPTER II.

Years rolled by and Henry reached his fifteenth year; his parents talked about sending him to the university.

My dear father and mother, said he slowly when he had heard their plans; I ask you to listen a few minutes to me. I like to study; I take great pleasure in books, and what they teach. But I must sometime or other go to sea, take a trip to other parts of the world—

Go to sea! exclaimed his mother in surprise.

Listen to him my dear, said Mr. Maynard. Continue

Henry.

I know a good deal now, almost enough, if I continue to read, to become a merchant or a private gentlemen. But my dreams and thoughts are of nothing but traveling, ships, water, and to see other countries, and this is my wish. Let me go to sea, take a few trips; while you are still both young, and then I will come back and be your company when you get old. I will take books with me, and try to learn different languages, and then afterwards when you desire me to stay home, I will obey. But let me go to India, and America, then I shall be satisfied, and now dear father and mother, I pray, let me go.

My dear, said Mr. Maynard turning to his wife, the boy is right. By doing as he now want to I learned to associate with different class of people, and in my travels both on land and water I learned the course to take as a merchant and do a successful business. The boy is right although it makes me feel sorry that he has chosen this course, and to think that we must part with him. But we must not object, he will have no desire for anything else as long as this is his sincere wish, and a voyage or two will be sufficient to satisfy his craze.

Oh, my dear father, said Henry with sparkling eyes, and, turning to his mother he put his arms around her neck, pressed a kiss upon her cheek as he said: do you give your consent also?

Don't kiss me you naughty boy when you wish to leave us, said his mother with tears in her eyes.

But when I go to school or to the university, then I must leave you also, pleaded Henry.

Yes, said his father thoughtfully, and perhaps come back less like our boy, then after a long voyage.

This settled the case, and arrangements were made for him to take a voyage on the first vessel laden for India, Tim Stop was to accompany him as servant and companion.

Thus he left, and for eighteen long months the Maynard mansion was quiet and lonely as though it had been deserted.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard were very sober and were often seen together talking in low whispers, evidently about their boy, whom they both loved dearly, and longed to hear his footsteps again.

They had only received a few letters from him, as correspondence could only be had whenever the vessel landed in some port, and it thus took a long time between every tidings they received.

It was the day before Christmas, in the morning while sitting at the breakfast table discussing matters about the party and ball, that Mr. Maynard had promised his servants and employes, and saying how nice a time they could have if their son could be present, etc., when suddenly a carriage from London stopped at the door, and a young man in regular sailor costume stepped out followed by an old man with a wooden leg, whom we at once recognizd as Timothy Stop, our old favorite.

After giving some orders regarding his baggage, the young man rushed up the steps, while the old gent followed as fast as his wooden leg would permit. "My child!" exclaimed Mrs. Maynard. "My dear son," said her husband, thank God that he has thus delivered you

to us, and the next moment he was in their arms.

The joy and excitement that followed, is more than pen and ink can describe. Mr. and Mrs. Maynard looked at their boy and then at each other smiling; there stood their son before them, grown almost to manhood, tanned by the sun and ocean winds, but still the same pleasant smile.

Mr. Maynard ordered several more invitations to be given for their party the next day, and everything was arranged at the very best.

Christmas day came, and a pleasant party gathered at the mansion and Henry was the hero of the evening. He would tell stories about his voyage, would imitate the Hindoos and Hottentotts and other nations whom he had met; and when he kissed all the girls, but most his cousin Fannie, his parents would look at each other and smile. The evening passed with dancing and other amusements, and everybody declared it to be the most pleasant Christmas ever spent.

CHAPTER III.

Henry's next voyage was to America. He did not go there to write a book, but to gain knowledge in different branches of business, and to get acquainted with the ways and rules of the great republic. He travelled in the United States for two years, returning in his twentieth year, a man with a well cultivated mind and good character; the seed that had been sown in his boyhood by reading, was now well harvested.

Still he was always thirsting for more knowledge, and although he was needed in assisting his father in his business, he spent a great deal of his time at their country

home, where he could indulge more freely in reading; and he chose his old lonely spot in the woods.

But he found now a different companion to accompany him there; his cousin Fanny, a pretty girl of nineteen, with a graceful form and a very pleasant face, and a pair of eyes that showed love and tenderness in her heart, was now a steady inmate at the Maynard mansion.

Her parents both being dead, Mr. Maynard thought it his duty to take charge of his sister's only child, and he invited her to make her home with them, which she gladly accepted.

Henry would take Fanny with him occasionally to his secluded spot in the woods, and would tell her about his boyhood days, or read to her; but when she was with him it was no more Robinson Crusoe or Cook he would read but Milton, Thompson or Shakespeare.

And when he would talk about how he used to imitate Crusoe when a boy, he was wondering why Defoe had not sent an angel of the feminine sex to accompany Robinson Crusoe on his island, instead of a black native; Fanny would laugh at him and call it all nonsense.

One day they were sitting side by side reading Romeo and Juliet; Henry would often pause, look at Fanny and draw a deep sigh; suddenly he closed the book.

"Fanny," he said in a low tone, "my feelings for you have long been known to me; and the time has come when I must reveal the secret of my heart. I love you, not as a cousin, but as Romeo loved Julia. We are nearly the same age, why should we not some day become man and wife? See how happy papa and mamma are; there could be no better happiness in store for us than to live

a life like theirs.

Fanny sat motionless for a few minutes, her hand resting in Henry's, and not able to keep back the tears that forced their way and rolled down over her cheeks. Finally she answered.

"Henry, I will not deny that under certain circumstances would, what you have just said, make me feel happy. It is sweet to be loved and sweeter still to love. But I have lost my parents, am a poor girl, and am here through your father's kindness. Therefore let not such thoughts cross our mind. You are worthy of some greater lady, so forget what you have said, dear Henry, and let us remain cousins and friends. If not, then I must depart from your father's house, as I could not bring such disgrace to your parents—

Sh! Fanny, broke in Henry; you do not know my parents. They are not alone good-hearted and kind, but would do anything for me, and would not object to my choice.

No, no, Henry; that would be trespassing on their kindness after giving me a home under their roof when I was left alone and almost penniless; let us not talk any more on that subject. I feel that I am doing wrong by just listening to you.

No, no, dear Fanny, said Henry lovingly; there can be no harm in listening to me, to your coming husband.

Sh, Sh, Henry, don't talk so fast. Forget this, and look upon it only as a pleasant dream.

"Never!" exclaimed Henry.

Well, then, it is clear to me what my duty is. If you have not the manliness and strength to break up this conversation, I must. Come, now, let us go to the house;

and she arose, followed by Henry.

They walked arm in arm towards home and arrived just in time for dinner. Fanny was pale and her eyes showed signs of crying.

My dear Fanny, what is the matter? said Mrs. Maynard, are you not well?

Yes, quite well, said the girl shyly.

My dear father and mother, said Henry as soon as the servant had left the room. I can tell you what is the matter. Fanny has refused to become my wife as she thinks it her duty because she is poor.

"My sister's only child, said Mr. Maynard. it has long been our wish that Henry would choose you for his companion through life. But we never would mention or show any sign that this was our hope, as we wanted him to be perfectly free in his love affairs. Come, now, make Henry happy if you can; if you love him, let not your financial situation bar the way.

My dear Uncle and Aunt, said Fanny, I must confess that I love your son, and if it is your wish that he should marry a girl without capital, I shall feel proud to become his wife.

Henry kissed a tear from Fanny's cheek and then took her hand and led her to the table, where they all sat down to dinner. I will now tell you dear Fanny, said Mr Maynard; that you are not entirely without capital, when I took charge of your father's affairs I found several indebted to him, most of which I have collected of late and invested to good advantage. And you will have about six thousand pounds coming to you at the age of twenty-one.

What do you say Henry, if you have your wedding on Fanny's twenty-first birthday.

But dear father, that is two years yet, said Henry downhearted.

Two years will soon pass away my son, and then you will reach your twenty-second year. I dare say you will not be any too old and I think you will find the time pass quicker then you now realize. I can not change this plan and I hope you will see into that I am right.

Henry brought no objection but shook his head as he said, your will be done dear father, but two years is a long time to wait, God only knows what will happen ere then.

These last words of his often came to their mind after this and would always bring a heavy sigh and a sad look to Mr. Maynard and tears would roll down Mrs Maynards cheeks.

Everything went pleasantly for awhile, Henry would share Fanny's company as much as possible, and she was as happy as an angel.

He would however not forget to read, and would often go into the the library, lock the door and read till late at night.

One night he called his father into the library, shut the door, and asked for an hour's conversation.

Mr. Maynard consented, rather surprised at the troubled look on his son's face.

Dear father, he began in a quiet and steady tone, I have concluded to make one more voyage. Nearly two years will pass before my wedding day, "when all notions for voyages must cease." But ever since I was twelve

years old one thought has haunted me both day and night, and it seems to work more on me now than before. In my dreams I see a vision which constantly says "go."

Where? asked his now almost terrified father.

To discover the North pole, answered Henry.

My boy, my son, what madness has overcome you?

My dear father, it is no madness. You have the means. If I fail the loss will not be great, and if I succeed our name will be known to the world for centuries to come; it will stand high, together with such as Columbus, Magellan, Polo and others who have gained a famous name. You have a fishing vessel chartered to leave in a month. Give them extra provision, and let whale fishing be the object of the voyage to shield my plans. Leave the vessel in charge of Captain Shipton publicly, but give him private instructions that I am to be the leader of the expedition.

By starting out a week earlier than the now appointed time for the departure, we shall be able to reach the ice region this summer. I intend to winter as far north as possible, that I may next summer continue my course and reach my destination.

Mr. Maynard listened attentively, and with a troubled look gave in after two hours of discussion.

It was announced at the table that Henry was to go on a whale-fishing expedition before the wedding.

These news struck both his mother and the lovely Fanny with surprise. They sat thunderstruck for a while, but finally recovering, they brought in several objections, but of no account. Henry was now bound to go, and backed by his father, whose consent he had already gained, they too had to give in. But Fanny made him promise never

to go again after he came back, which he readily consented to.

Now everybody was put to work getting things ready for the voyage, and early in the month of May Henry was all ready, being well supplied with clothes, provisions, etc.

It was early one Sunday morning that Henry left his home, in company with his parents and his intended bride. They rode along in an open carriage, everyone showing signs of utmost sorrow. Mr. Maynard, whose face was always beaming with joy, sat very quiet and thoughtful. Mrs. Maynard and Fanny shed tears freely. Henry felt worst of all. He knew that one word from his lips would change this sorrow into joy. But his things were on board and his object was to bring unto them a name above all.

He had no time for reflection. He bid them all be in good humor, and promised faithfully to be back in due time. But alas! he had not dreamt of what he was to endure on his voyage.

The ship was already out of harbor and had dropped anchor. A boat with Captain Shipton and four sailors was waiting at the landing. Henry bid them all good by and stepped quickly into the boat and bade the men shove off.

When he turned his face towards shore he saw them all weeping and when he arose they waved their handkerchiefs. He swung his cap as a last adieu to his beloved and then went on board.

The boat was then hauled in and the vessel set sail. This was the last they saw of him for many long years,

years that seemed like centuries.

"The Fanny" was the name of the vessel and it was owned by Mr. Maynard himself. It was well built of 400 tons burden and was constructed chiefly for whale-fishing.

The crew was large and consisted of tried men who well understood what was to be done on board.

The captain was a man of experience and well used to rough waters. Henry, the leader acting as first mate was well learned. Mr. Williams, the second mate, was an old sailor, short, stout, very rough and quick tempered. He took great pleasures in giving orders, smoking tobacco and drinking whisky. When he came ashore he would spend his earnings as fast as he could.

The crew had all been paid extra wages, something which brought suspicion as to the real motive of the trip and was often discussed among the crew when the captain and Henry went below.

My opinion is, said Williams, that there is something mysterious in this. We don't get extra pay and extra rum for nothing, and if we were in the West Indies or on the coast of Africa I should say we were slave traders.

So would I, said Jacob Hulk, one of the sailors.

Say Hulk, you have been in these waters before, have you not? asked Williams.

Yes I have.

Well are there any inhabitants up north?

Of course there are answered Hulk, there are the Esquimaux that live in ice huts.

That's it, said Williams, the negroes are getting too expensive and Mr. Maynard has sent his son out to steal

some of these northern people, and Jack Williams is to turn pirate and hunt these poor innocent natives that never did him any harm.

This idea became more and more general among the crew, but most of them did not care how they earned their money as long as they were well paid, and such was the feeling of the crew of the "Fanny," which we left beating through a Polar storm and to which we now again return.

CHAPTER IV.

When Captain Shipton and Henry Maynard went on deck again the scene was very striking. It was terribly cold and a heavy sleet was falling which stuck to the sails, tackle, etc., and made the deck nearly impassable.

The waves rolled high, the vessel at times being 40 or 50 feet above the level of the ocean, and then again that far below. She would roll from side to side almost keeling compelling every man to hang on to, whatever was near at hand to keep from being thrown overboard.

The wind was forcing them due north; the heavens were black and not a parting in the clouds visible. Not a word was spoken. The captain and Henry were walking to and fro peering into the darkness for some sign that would indicate the end of the storm, but nothing could be seen. It is in the Polar seas that you will see a bad storm; the waves being raised to enormous height by the wind and striking against the icebergs they break, and thus making it worse than in the waters further south.

At eight o'clock the captain and Henry went down to breakfast; at this time the sea had reached its fury;

overhead was visible a copper colored cloud or fog, below were the rolling waves covered with white foam. Nobody could hear a word unless the voice was raised to the utmost.

When will this storm cease, said the captain after they had entered the cabin and closed the door.

God knows, answered Henry; but where are we? I fear we are drawing near the icebergs, it will be dangerous in a storm like this.

So it would, answered the captain, according to my reckoning, we are in 64 degrees north; if this proves so, we are lost unless the wind soon ceases.

Henry made no reply, but sat down thoughtfully reflecting upon his fate, as to what would be the result of this voyage; he was beginning to think that discoveries were not so easily made and that he would have done better had he stayed at home, etc. But he would not make any remarks in regard to this, and not feeling like talking on any subject he remained silent.

The movement of the vessel showed plainly that the storm was still raging.

But all of a sudden the vessel remained level for a moment and began to duck and roll in a manner which had not occurred before; it seemed to be under no control whatever, and it felt as though every piece of timber should be torn from their fastenings.

A terrible situation, shouted the captain as he rushed on deck and followed by Henry.

When they came up, the scene had changed most wonderfully; the wind had fallen off, the clouds were scattering fast, and a few streaks of the blue sky were visible. But the situation was more critical than before. The

vessel was uncontrollable, and plunged fearfully; having no breeze it was useless to hoist sail, and they were now at the mercy of the waves, which were tossing them to and fro, threatening to break every plank.

Breakers were numerous, and there was a feeling on board which no person can imagine; only those that have experienced a moment like this can describe the thoughts and condition of a man's mind under such circumstances.

However, this only lasted a short time as the waves became smaller, and by twelve o'clock, the sea was nearly calm.

And as there was no wind yet, they were now almost motionless. The captain as well as the crew, were now eagerly looking in all directions but no land was visible, only the blue sky overhead and the waters below met their gaze.

They found upon investigating that they were 64 degrees, 20 minutes north.

Even without a breeze, it was very cold and everyone felt that they were now in the polar region. This proved more true when a light fog cleared away in the distance towards the northeast, and a huge iceberg became visible bearing down upon them as though it would crush them in an instant; although it was at some distance, yet it was declared by all to be the largest and most dangerous looking ever seen.

Henry stood and watched this mountain of ice, and wishing the hour was near when he should set his foot on the unknown part of the world which he was now nearing.

The iceberg seemed to be turned in some other direction

and everybody was set to work; one man was sent aloft to be on the lookout. About an hour after, both the captain and Henry were startled by a cry from the man on watch. A whale! A whale!

In what direction? asked the captain.

Northwest about a half mile, came the answer.

Lower the boats! shouted the captain in a cheerful voice; as Henry went below to bring a harpoon, and the crew made quick movements to prepare for the exciting hunt which they were all eager to take in.

When Henry came on deck again, he found two boats already in the water with a crew of twelve men each. It had been arranged that Jack Williams should take command of one and Henry Maynard the other, the captain remaining on board.

After having given the young man a few instructions and bade him be careful, the captain gave orders to shove off.

The men lowered their oars and the two boats sped across the water with a rapidity, that only men with experience and muscle could produce.

They were soon notified by the man on watch that they were nearing the whale.

It lay there like a rock, quiet and motionless, the sailors knew well that the quietness of a whale is just as deceiving as that of a volcano, and are not safe one minute in its presence.

They rowed now very carefull, Henry, hardly able to control himself, he stood up in the bow of the boat with a shining harpoon clutched tightly, he was about to make his first attempt at whale-fishing, and as first mate, it was very important that he should succeed.

Williams, stood cool and ready in the other boat, but occasionally casting a haughty glance at the young man who never saw a whale before and was trying to compete with an old experienced whale hunter.

But he was not aware of the fact, that Henry, although only half as old, was a well educated man and had studied all the peculiarities of this ocean monster, and as Williams did not like him, he never spoke to him more than business duties required.

They were now close to the whale, its entire length visible, and a slight motion showed that he would likely make a shift.

Williams turned to give some orders to his men, when "Ah! what's that" broke from his lips before he had completed his orders, and turning around he could hardly control his rage.

Henry's boat had gained a few feet in advance, and noticing the movement of the whale, was determined not to let it escape, he raised the harpoon, took aim, and sent it with all his force, it struck the whale in the back. A cheer from the boat-crew gave evidence that Henry had aimed well.

The minute the harpoon struck the whale, its tail went up, and forcing a lot of water from its nostril made a dive downward forming a whirlpool and almost taking William's boat down with it.

Henry now let out the line and watched it as it was pulled off the spool, one man stood ready with an axe to cut the line when it was all out, in case there should be any danger of them being pulled under.

The line was soon all out and they found themselves

dragged through the foaming water with a rapidity that astonished our young hero, who stood eagerly watching the man with the axe.

Not a word was spoken for some time every eye was eagerly watching for the spot where the whale was expected to come up.

Be quick in your action in case of emergency, whispered Henry to the man by his side, their situation becoming more critical, the water was now only an inch from running into the boat.

"Very well sir", replied the sailor.

But just then the line slackened and the whale appeared on top of the water nearly a quarter mile distant, but only for a few minutes, when he started off again with the same rapidity as before. But this time he did not go far and appeared on top coming slowly in direction of the boat at the same time discharging a lot of blood and water through his nostril.

He has enough Mr. Maynard, said Jacob Hulk, but isn't he a monster? and you aimed well I never seen a whale hit any better.

I feel flattered by your remark, Hulk, but watch him close he may deceive us yet.

That's what, said Hulk aloud, but whispered, dont you think Williams will be offended?

"I don't see any reason".

Well you see he had made up his mind to make the first catch and he felt confident that he could compete with you any time.

It is very foolish on his part answered Henry, and turning to his men he said, pull in the line and get it

rolled up, the whale had by this time turned over on his side and showed no more signs of life.

Henry looked around for the vessel and saw her coming under full sail towards them, Williams boat was about a quarter mile off in the opposite direction.

When the vessel arrived at the scene the men were all ready to procede with the, less agreeable part of the work, that of cutting up the whale.

"Well done", Mr. Maynard said the captain as he leaned over the railing, viewing the monster, this prize gives you credit. It is one of the best specimens and a good commencement.

A fair beginning, and a sign of good luck, I think said Henry, as he went on deck and the men began their work.

Williams came on deck a few minutes later and his rage was plainly vissible, although he tried hard to control himself, the sharp eye of the captain had already studied his inward feeling.

It is my idea Mr. Hulk, said Williams that evening as they lay outstretched and smoking their pipes, that this our young man who claims himself only in the twenties, is an old experienced whale hunter, and has been fishing more then twenty years.

Yes, in his fathers fish pond, together with my old chum Timothy Stop, said Hulk with a hearty laugh.

No joking now Mr. Hulk I mean what I say.

So do I Williams, ha! ha! ha!

Well I have read about a woman by the name of "Nina Close," that looked like a young girl at the age of eighty—

"Nail that down", cried the crew, that is to much of a

yarn for sensible men to believe.

Well I don't care about your believe growled Williams. I have my theory, he is supposed to be twenty but will never get back to see forty again.

The next day they killed two whales, one of them being Williams victim, which gave him a little better humor and for ten days the crew of the "Fanny" had excellent success.

But suddenly luck seemed to cease; no more whales came in sight and they concluded to continue their course north.

Some time after they had left the fishing ground the captain and Henry were walking on deck. It was early in the morning; the air was clear and growing colder.

You look troubled Henry, said the captain with a smile.

It seems to me I can feel the ice, answered Henry slowly.

"Feel it," well yes; look over the railing my boy and you will see it.

Henry walked over to the side and looked down; he saw large pieces of ice floating around them.

He remained silent; he was now in the mysterious ocean whose secret he had come to solve. He stood gazing across the waters as though he expected to see some signs of the wonderful point. But there was nothing visible except the ocean waters covered with floating ice, and occasionally a fog would appear in the distance and then clear away again.

"An iceberg," an iceberg," bearing down upon us shouted the man aloft.

Everybody ran forward to investigate and in a few minutes it hove in sight. It was about thirty feet high and coming very rapidly.

Starboard a little, ordered the captain, and the vessel passed by unharmed.

But this mountain of ice was not alone as was at first supposed, but was the leader of several more of different sizes, making it very dangerous, and if the frost should increase very rapidly they were apt to be froze in, surrounded by icebergs.

It was the last day of August and a good breeze was blowing from the southwest, thus enabling them under full sail to force their way through the mass of ice, which, driven by the current, was moving in a southeasterly course.

Suddenly to Henry's great surprise it darkened all around them and he discovered two large icebergs bearing down upon them, one on each side and only about one hundred feet apart. The one to starboard was about fifty feet and the other about two hundred feet above the water.

"All hands on deck," shouted Henry as he placed himself near the wheel. Every man responded to the call, and stood anxiously watching their captain who was now considering their situation, and seeing no other way of escape but to pass right through. He ordered all bumpers and sheer-bars put out; this being done every man was put to working the sails, as the wind had now nearly dropped off.

The channel which they were to pass was now about sixty feet wide at the entrance but less at the other end.

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Every man held his breath as they entered. The icebergs were drawing closer together, and keeping close to the smaller they were enabled to increase their speed by use of poles.

As they were nearing the end of this unpleasant channel the larger iceberg struck the vessel's stern, giving them a very severe shock, whereupon they glided out into open water unharmed.

Every one breathed now more freely, and as they looked back they saw the two icebergs come together with a terrible crash. They felt that had this occurred a few minutes sooner they would have been ground to pieces; and nobody would ever know what had become of the "Fanny" and her crew.

"Thank God," said the captain, "we are saved once more through His goodness." And several quiet prayers went up from the hearts of these rough seamen so far from home and from those that love them.

CHAPTER V.

Nothing in particular occurred for some time after this last incident, the time being spent in fishing and hunting as they advanced northward.

They landed a couple times on some island where they were very successful in securing game, which was a great treat to them after living on salt meat for several months.

Some of the crew encountered a bear, which came near proving fatal but after a hard fight they succeeded in killing the brute.

About the middle of September they were in 74 degree north latitude and Henry felt the time drawing near

when they should be compelled to put up, for the winter as it was growing terribly cold.

The crew having already had several disputes as to the real object of being in these waters at this time of year and still headed north, they saw plainly that unless action was at once taken to turn their course' they would be compelled to winter in the polar sea.

The remarks made by Williams (who hated the first mate from the start) had kept up a constant illfeeling among the crew, this however had not been noticed by Henry whose mind was taken up with numerous plans etc. But it had not escaped the sharp eye of the captain, and he watched every man closely.

It was one bright morning, a heavy fog had hung over them for some time, when it suddenly disappeared. Their situation was now plainly visible, nine or ten miles to the left they saw a point of land which they concluded was an island they had visited the day before. Ahead of them at some distance, they saw solid ice stretching right and left, thus cutting off any further advance, and all around them was ice floating so thick that they scarcely could see water anywheres.

Captain Shipton, said Henry in a low voice as they stood close together near the bow, we must get into winter quarters, we have no time to loose. We will head for yonder island.

But my friend answered the captain how will we get there, the wind is falling off and without a breeze it is impossible to move through this ice.

We must use our windlass and the large boat and try to get as near shore as possible. We must begin operations

at once while there is a little wind to help us along.

Very well then; but first go below and arm yourself. Now is the time to show authority, answered the captain.

What do you mean captain? asked Henry surprised.

There is an ill-feeling among the crew. Williams is at the head of it and it is my idea that they will not winter here if they can prevent it.

Henry looked astonished and went down to prepare himself as the captain had suggested. He placed a couple of revolvers in his coat pocket and went on deck again.

Lower the large boat, but first put in the windlass, ordered the captain as soon as Henry had joined him. The men obeyed and nineteen of them were ordered in the boat and to work west, a line being fastened to the vessel and the windlass.

At this moment, Williams came up to where Henry and the captain stood, and said.

I don't understand what all this work means; I cannot see any sense in it, and it is my opinion that we could turn our stern towards this ice region and be out in a short time.

Very likely, answered the captain, but it is our wish to get to yonder island.

Why? asked Williams; but it will freeze up and there will be no chance to get out if we remain any longer.

Mr. Williams, said Henry in a pleasant tone, I think it is time now to instruct you that it is my intention to winter in this region; and we must try and reach land, or as close as we can at least. It was my wish that we could reach Heanre Bay for winter quarters.

"Winter quarters!" growled Williams and turned pale.

Winter it in Heanre Bay? Are you going crazy?

Captain Shipton, do you intend to let your body freeze stiff to humor this lunatic?

Mr. Henry Maynard is leader and first officer on board this vessel, and in regard to this matter it is my duty to obey his orders, answered the captain.

Duty or not, I will obey no orders from him or from you either, if you too are getting crazy.

Williams, said Henry in a commanding tone, no disobedience or rebellion here. I should feel sorry should I be compelled to use violence in keeping peace. But the first step you take to raise a disturbance I shall not hesitate to show my authority.

Williams muttered something between his teeth and withdrew; acting as though he had been conquered.

The vessel had not made very much headway; although the men had worked at the windlass. The floating ice seemed too much for them. All of a sudden a breeze was felt and in a few minutes it was found necessary to call in the boat. They were now making their way through at the rate of two miles an hour.

I think we shall reach shore said Henry well pleased with the outlook, the breeze is increasing, in four hours we will be there.

Don't be too sure answered the captain, this is the last wind for the season and when that is over you will find yourself frozen in.

Do you think so? let us hope for better. I wonder how the crew will feel about wintering?

Allright I think, if Williams was not here.

About half an hour later they found themselves in an

open space of water almost free from ice.

The wind had made a shift and was now coming from the northwest, the atmosphere became misty and as the days are very short in this rigion, night came very suddenly. A few snow flakes were dropping on the deck, evidence of winter near at hand. They were now surrounded by ice again, the wind having stirred the water to some extent, the vessel was being tossed among the broken ice receiving several shocks that almost seemed to split its timbers.

Suddenly they heard a crash and the vessel turned from its course, it ducked and rolled a few times and then lay motionless.

At this moment the crew was seen coming in a body towards where the captain and Henry stood, with Williams and Hulk in the lead.

Hold your ground, whispered Henry ; (at the same time putting his hands on his revolvers), the critical moment has come.

The captain prepared himself without saying a word.

Captain Shipton, said Williams, as they halted a short distance from their superior officer. I have consulted the crew, and they say that they will not winter in this frozen ocean. There is no reason why we should. We are willing to do our duty as sailors; but we will not be surrounded by ice the next eight or nine months. The winter is at hand; there is no more whale to be had this season, and we have had a good catch. Feel that breeze now from the north, so let us turn tail and get out at once.

Stop! Williams, shouted Henry. You are all hired for two years; you have all done your duty till now. I

must do mine. I have orders to winter as far north as possible, and in the spring continue the course. We must reach 90 degrees north latitude. You know, now, why we are here; and if we succeed you know the prize—five thousand pounds. I ask nothing of this. If you will only assist me I will donate my share.”

This was answered by a loud hurrah from three or four, but was quieted by Williams, who said:

Be still, you fools, this is only a bait, we will never reach that point. And look at the birds, most of them leave this country in the winter. You can't make me believe that any man can live here. No sir, Captain Shipton, if you want to be led by this fool, we will *not*. You can settle this with one word.

What do you want of me? asked the captain.

Turn the vessel due south; run into some harbor on the coast of Greenland (if you do not wish to return home), where we can spend the winter comfortably, and we will return in spring to attend our duties. Consent or not, we have concluded to take this course.

What is your reply Mr. Maynard, said Captain Shipton turning toward Henry.

That any man who shall change a sail or steer this vessel contrary to my orders shall receive as compensation, the contents of one of these, and he leveled both revolvers at Williams.

“Knock him down,” growled the second mate.

“Stand back!” Not a step further said the captain raising his revolver.

Every man retreated and there was a low whisper, Williams encouraging them to move forward, at the same time

keeping himself well shielded behind the rest.

But nobody heeded his words. There were several reasons why they kept back. First there were three loaded revolvers to face; second, their own conscience told most of them that they had wronged their superior officers especially Captain Shipton whom they all respected.

A nice lot of cowards, growled Williams, a boy could chase twenty of you, and a man could change you into women with one word.

Mark our words Mr. Williams, we are no more cowards than you are, and we are neither fools or old women. If you consider those playthings and those handling them little boys, why don't you go and knock them down yourself.

Fools and idiots, you would submit to being hung in these icebergs like frozen images. I don't ask you to hurt either of them, it is for their own good as well as ours. Now move quick and disarm them.

Mr. Williams, said Hulk, it would cost the lives of three men to do it, and you know as well as I do that we are laying ourselves liable for punishment, and I would not in my fortieth year be shot or hung. Captain, said he turning towards the old captain, and although it was terribly cold, he stood cap in hand as he spoke. I beg your pardon and if you will say no more about this matter, I will submit to your orders as before; I have been misled.

I have always considered you an honest man Hulk, and I accept your proposition. You can come to me again and not a word shall be mentioned.

Now listen to my last words, one and all. Lay down

your bars, go back to your duties; the last man to obey shall be laid in chains and hung when we get back to England.

Upon these words the crew scattered, and as the captain turned towards Henry he did not see who was the last man; and after this everyone obeyed orders promptly.

It was now very dark and the vessel lay motionless; not a breeze to be noticed, and every man held his breath, awaiting what was to come.

We are froze in, said Henry in a low voice.

I think so, answered the captain with a sigh, and rather far from land I fear.

Perhaps, but we must not give up yet; we may be able to break a channel and get closer to shore tomorrow.

Williams came up from below and asked, "What are we going to do?"

Wait till morning, answered Henry, and if the ice is too solid to proceed any further we will take all the sails off and use them as a tent over the deck.

Very well sir! replied the second mate, and then retired thinking it best to control his rage.

It was terribly cold that night and considerable snow fell, the frost increased rapidly, and by morning the ice was found to be six inches thick all around the vessel, thus making it impossible to go any further.

They at once began preparations to protect them from the frost which now every hour added an inch to the thickness of the ice. Sails, spars, poles and planks were used to cover the vessel. Every opening was closed up as tight as possible, and everything arranged as comfortably as circumstances would allow.

The temperature was now far below zero and dropping fast, so they decided to take off the night watch; the captain could see no use in keeping a man out in the cold, when they were froze in as solid as a rock.

A good fire was kept going in the cabin all day, and large lamps burning oil were placed in different parts of the vessel. These lamps would furnish considerable heat and were kept burning all night, but the fire was only kept up through the day as there was a bigger supply of oil than coal.

Extra flannels, mittens, etc., were now distributed among the crew, and thus everyone was prepared to spend the long, lonely winter in the polar region.

Everybody would now go to bed about the same time in the evening, arise at eight in the morning, build a fire, get breakfast and then part to spend the forenoon as best they could.

Some would run races on the ice, others would start off to some projecting point in the distance thinking they might find some game but always came back disappointed.

In the evening they would all gather around the fire till bedtime, Henry spending most of his time in reading the history of some other polar expedition, and together with the captain laying plans as to the best method of getting to the wonderful north pole, which so many had failed to find.

The crew would generally tell stories. Williams had now given up the idea of returning, was in good humor, and would entertain them with great yarns about some of his voyages.

Thus passed the winter. The three months of con-

tinued darkness which are natural in that region, seemed very long.

Several hunting parties had been organized, but they never succeeded in getting much game, except a few polar bears which they happened to come across.

CHAPTER VI.

It was now in the month of May, and the air was already warmer, the sun having melted some of the snow on the south side of the vessel; although the thermometer still registered below zero, it was the warmest day for nearly eight months.

A party of six men besides Hulk and Henry started out in search of the island which they thought could not be far off. A handsled was loaded with provisions and drawn by two men. But they found to their sorrow that they had chosen a bad day for exploring.

They had not gone far before they were surrounded by a thick fog; and after wandering around for nearly twelve hours they concluded to camp in the snow over night.

Finding a large snowdrift they dug out square blocks with which to build a wall all around, leaving a small opening to crawl through. After having it all complete they crept inside, closed the opening which had served as a door, ate their supper and then laid down on their blankets; being all tired out they soon fell asleep and did not wake until the next morning.

When they had eaten their breakfast they decided to return to the vessel and give up the search till some other time.

This however was not an easy task, as it was still foggy

and growing colder. It was not until they had wandered around for several hours that they succeeded in locating the vessel, and finally arrived there all tired out and disgusted. Another attempt was made but with no better result.

In the beginning of June the wind was blowing from the north, the frost was quite severe and it seemed as though the winter would last longer than usual. The snow was deep but was covered with a crust strong enough to hold up a man.

Several tracks had been seen not far from the vessel. Some thought they were that of a reindeer and concluded to gather as much game as possible, knowing that the ice must soon break up.

As they thought these animals would not go any great distance on the ice, they were determined to find the land from whence they came.

A party consisting of Henry Maynard, Williams, Hulk and four more of the best hunters was organized; they each carried a gun, plenty of ammunition, and in their belt two revolvers and a small hatchet.

They started out one morning at daybreak; the crust on the snow was very hard and made traveling quite easy. The sky was clear and they could see far over the frozen surface in all directions.

□ They soon discovered fresh tracks of different kinds of animals and sped forward with great hopes, not once dreaming that it was to be the most fatal and unlucky day for some of their party.

They did not walk close together but spread out at a distance of about fifty yards apart, the man with the sled remaining in the center.

After they had gone some distance, they found the tracks leading in a more easterly course through mountains of ice with large crevices which made it more disagreeable.

They halted and concluded to leave the sled at the foot of this glittering mass of ice, and then proceed with care, as they felt positive that there was game close at hand.

See there, cried one, as he pointed to a fresh track, a bear has been here. Everyone looked around with the greatest caution expecting to see the form of a polar bear jump forward from behind one of those great pillars with which they were surrounded.

After a few minutes pause they continued there course, keep your eyes well peeled shouted Henry as he hurried between two ice pillars that stood like the ruins of some old temple.

After passing through he climbed to the top of a huge block of ice where he had a good view of the scene before him, he could see in the distance something, which he felt sure was the land to which the animals had made there way, and there he decided to go.

Between this point and where he stood, at a distance of about 80 rods he discovered something moving about, believing this to be a bear or a wolf, he called to his comrades, come on boys I see game yonder, and starting off he ran about half ways without stopping, when suddenly he was surrounded by a blinding snowstorm.

He stopped, looked around, but could not see more then a few feet in any direction, he was almost covered with snow. But a few minutes later it stopped snowing, the clear sky was again visible, and everything was the same

as before, with the exception of his tracks which were altogether covered, and nowhere could he see any of his party. He had nothing to guide him, as Williams had the compass.

There was a pain in his heart for a minute but he considered his situation, and though he knew pretty close from what direction he had come.

The snow that had fallen was damp as though it had been mixed with rain, which, as Henry well knew, was a sign that the ice would soon break up; he now walked rapidly onward for some time but failed to find the place where he had entered between the pillars of ice.

This somewhat frightened him, and he looked around; to his great surprise he saw several ice pillars and they all looked alike, so he could not tell which were the right ones.

He finally discovered the place he had left right after the storm, but instead of being behind him it was at his side and only a little ways off; he had walked nearly in a circle. "Good heavens," he cried, "I am lost."

For a moment he stood motionless, a cold chill creeping over him, but he gathered his thoughts and started in the direction which he thought would lead him out.

Just then a large bird came flying by, and in the hope of being heard by the rest of the party, and also to secure something to eat, he fired, the bird dropping a few rods ahead of him. He picked it up, put it in his game-bag and started off again without reloading the gun, his mind being already quite puzzled and his situation very critical.

Being alone on the terrible ocean, miles away from

land, nothing to lead him or show him which way to go, no provision but his bird and a little rum in a bottle; all their provisions had been left with one of the party while the rest should do the hunting.

The heavens were again darkening and black clouds were seen in the west; the time had come when the ice was liable to break up at any minute.

Henry was getting very excited and walked with a rapidity that often made him stumble.

Suddenly he came to a standstill. Only a few feet from him was a large polar bear; undoubtedly the one that had led him to leave his party at that fatal moment.

The bear gave a sort of howl and raised on his hind legs, at the same time showing his teeth.

Henry was too close to take time to load his gun and was too well acquainted with the bear's motions to think of gaining time by retreating. He knew the bear would attack him at once, consequently he drew both his revolvers and fired.

The bear gave a loud roar and made a jump toward Henry, but right between them was a large crack in the ice which had been covered with snow, and into this the bear tumbled.

This gave Henry a little time and he quickly retreated a few steps, at the same time loading his gun. He was just ramming down the bullet when the bear came scrambling out, and came rushing forward.

In an instant Henry had his gun to his shoulder and the report, together with a wild howl, echoed among the ice pillars around him. The bear was seriously and perhaps fatally wounded, but as he tumbled over and made

no further attempt to rise, Henry did not investigate but started in search of his party.

It was now getting dark and he could not see very far. What should he do? Where should he go?

Almost crazed he ran hither and thither in the hopes of finding some trace of his companions. He was nearly giving up all hope when he stumbled over the hand sled. It was almost covered with snow; but there it was in the same spot where they had left it and close by the two ice pillars between which he had passed.

His heart beat with joy, and he knelt down, thanking God for his mercy.

There were no tracks he could follow, and being dark he did not know where to go, but he knew that he was only a few miles from the vessel and if he remained where he was until morning he could find his way back to the vessel, even if nobody came out to look for him.

So he concluded to find a place to stay over night; he had often helped build huts of ice and snow when they had been compelled to camp out on previous trips, but he was now too tired to work, so he looked around and finally found a large hollow between two blocks of ice.

He was about to enter, when he discovered that it had been occupied, he thought of the wounded bear, perhaps this was his den and that, if he was not killed, he would come back.

But Henry was determined to pass the night near his sled, so he entered, and lighting a small torch, which he always carried with him, he looked around and saw that it was the den of some wild beast, the floor being covered with bones.

He was frightened at the thought of the animal returning, so he drew the sled over the opening, and piling some loose ice around it, leaving a small hole through which he could crawl. When he had thus barricaded the entrance, he went inside.

He then roasted a piece of his bird by the torch and this together with a drink of rum answered for his supper.

Then he loaded both his revolver and his gun, placed his axe close at hand and laid down to rest.

He was considerably troubled and thought of different dangers, most of all, that the ice would break up before he could get back to the vessel, but being all tired out he soon fell asleep.

He was awakened by a loud yelp outside and could hear something scratching and biting at the entrance; he knew by the howling that it was a polar wolf; he jumped up placed a revolver through a crack and fired; the animal howled and fled.

At the same instant there was a rumbling sound as of thunder. Henry tore down the sled and jumped out, it was already daylight. The sound continued in all directions. It was the breaking of the ice and water was seen boiling up through cracks in different places.

The ice where Henry stood began to sway to and fro, leaning first to one side and then to the other, as though it would turn upside down; but a sudden jar loosened it from the rest and it floated away with a rapidity which startled its only passenger.

Turning around he caught sight of the vessel; they were hoisting sails and he thought they had given up all search for him.

The sun was now very warm and the snow was melting fast; there was a strong wind blowing from the south which every minute became warmer.

Henry lost all hopes. The iceberg which carried him was about fifty feet long and thirty feet wide, and was being whirled around every time it came in contact with the moving masses of ice.

Heavy crashes were heard in all directions; the current brought the floating ice in contact with the iceberg upon which Henry was, with such force as to throw large pieces high in the air, and threatening to grind everything to pieces.

For some time he kept floating in a southeasterly course, and all the time in sight of the vessel which was now under full sail and started on its way northward.

Henry's heart leaped with joy. They had not yet given up finding him and he kept a constant eye in that direction in hopes that they might be brought closer together.

But his joy was not to last long; his raft was suddenly whirled around with such force as to throw him down. When he gained his foothold again he found that he was now going in a different direction and with such speed that the vessel was soon nearly out of sight. He had evidently met one of those cross currents which are so common in the polar seas, and he was being driven directly towards the heart of the north pole.

Henry now gave up all hopes and felt as though he did not care how soon death came to end his misery.

But after floating some distance he found his course changed again. This time he was being carried in the direction of some object in the distance, and appeared to him as an island with a mountain some distance from

shore; and as he drew nearer he found that he had guessed correctly.

He was now thinking if he could only be landed on this lone island, but dared not hope, as he had been deceived by the change of the current, and feared that he could not get close to the island even though he would be carried in that direction.

As he thus stood gazing around he noticed another current ahead of him going straight towards the island and into this his raft was sure to be drawn; but there was only a short distance from him a large iceberg coming directly towards him, and on this he discovered a bear scarcely able to move. He thought of the wounded bear of the evening before.

As this large mass of ice was coming very rapidly it was evident that should they meet, the one he was on would be ground to pieces.

Henry now made preparations for the critical moment; he would jump onto the large iceberg the minute they struck together, as he had yet a little hope of saving his life. Just as the two met he gathered all his strength and landed alongside the now lifeless form of the bear.

The iceberg swayed to and fro a moment and then continued its course in the direction of the island; when he gained his balance, he looked back for his former raft, but could only see a lot of broken ice all around him. It had been completely demolished and had he remained there he would now been at the bottom of the sea.

He was now nearing the island and when within a few hundred yards, he noticed the current leading around it, instead of straight for it, as it had at first. He now

wished that he had the power to guide his raft. Right before him was a small bay, and into this he would gladly have steered.

But he was kept about 300 yards from shore and going around the island, but with less speed. After some time had passed he began to wonder if he would continue to navigate around this new world until his raft would melt and he would still find a watery grave. But as he passed around a point he noticed some distance ahead that the ice had not broken from the shore, and his raft appeared to be heading that way. He now thought if he could get on this sheet of ice he could walk ashore. But he must have the bear also.

So he partly dragged and partly rolled the bear near the edge which he thought would come closest to shore and thus stood prepared. He had not long to wait. The iceberg touched and glided along very slowly, rubbing its side against the projecting ice as though it was a vesse guided by human hands and laying to at some dock.

He now gave the bear a violent push; the creature dropped on the ice and seeing that it was quite solid Henry grabbed his gun and rushed ashore.

On board the vessel, where the rest of the party had reached in safety, was great anxiety. The captain was almost crazy with grief. Having a cannon on board he gave orders to fire it every half hour during the night, and made preparations for to send a searching party out at daybreak the next morning; but as we have already learned this could not be done. The captain did not

sleep all night; and when he noticed the ice breaking and the warm wind blowing shortly after midnight he was in despair. But he ordered all hands to work and as soon as it was possible to move the vessel she was headed northward under full sail. Although they were in great danger he thought it was his duty to try and move as quick as possible in case the young mate was yet alive and perhaps could be found.

They kept up the firing of the cannon all the time, and as Henry did not hear it, shows a strange condition of the atmosphere in that region.

CHAPTER VII.

As Henry had been taught from childhood, to pray, and to give thanks to the Almighty God, he knelt down, on this unknown island and offered a prayer, thanking God for delivering him safe even on a lonely island, and saving him from a watery grave.

He felt as though it might be possible, yes he felt sure, that his companions would make a search for him, and he did not think the vessel could be very far from this island. This gave him renewed hopes.

A few rods from the shore was a high point and to this Henry prepared to go, as he thought he might sight the vessel if she had not got too far away.

He loaded his two revolvers and his gun, fixed his belt so that his hatchet and hunting knife were in proper place, and then started forward, without securing anything from the bear to eat. Although his hunger was great, he was more eager to get sight of the vessel.

When he arrived at the top, he looked around but could see nothing but the broken ice as it floated by. He

listened, but could hear only the noise of the rushing currents.

A lonely feeling crept over him, which he had not felt before.

He was alone.

O, is it possible? he cried. Is it possible? that my childhood dreams has been fulfilled, that I am brought to live alone, as I once thought so grand, alone on an island?

Although there was nobody to hear him nor to give him an answer, he spoke aloud.

He looked around as if to investigate if it was really so.

O Father! O Mother! My beloved Fanny! Are we separated forever? It cannot be. I am not alone. I cannot be alone—Oh! Heavens, O! God, have mercy on me, I am alone.

As he spoke these last words he started to run further back from the shore; as it was very much up grade, and being very much fatigued with hunger, he soon became exhausted; but he still moved slowly as he was determined to reach the top of what he thought was a mountain further inland. He often stumbled as the ground here was very rough and several places was snow about a foot deep, soft and wet.

After several attempts he succeeded in reaching the top; he could now view the country all around, but his first gaze fell upon the water; he stared out into the horizon for some sign of life, but all in vain, nothing was visible. He drew a deep sigh and commenced to investigate the mountain.

By close observation he came to the conclusion that he was on top of a volcano, but as he noticed, had not been

burning for some time and showed no signs of fire or smoke anywhere.

[He was in hopes that he was on some main land leading to the American continent. But this he soon found was not the case; he was surrounded by water, his island being about 3 miles wide and 7 miles long, but nowhere could he see any sign of land, except some dark point was visible towards the west.

Alone on an island in the polar sea. What shall I do? What will become of me?

He started down towards the shore again where he noticed some pieces of timber, as his thoughts were now turned towards securing something with which to start a fire, not alone to keep him warm, but as he thought, to show his presence there. And as he passed down the side of the mountain he noticed several large pieces very similar to that of coal. If this proved the case he was now supplied with one necessary of life, that of fuel.

After gathering a large quantity of wood and coal he made an attempt to kindle it, but this proved to be quite a task. The wood and coal were both damp from laying under the snow all winter. After having made several attempts but failed, he commenced to look around for something that would ignite easier. He noticed some moss in a sort of sheltered place, and after holding this in the sun for some time he concluded to try again. Laying the moss between the wood which he had split quite fine with his hatchet, and pouring a little powder over it, he fired his gun right into it.

It started to spurt and spatter, and finally began to wind its way through the pile of wood and coal, and a few

moments later a bright flame was seen rising in the air.

He had now accomplished one task towards his preservation, and the next was food and shelter; both these he expected to find in the dead bear.

He now drew his knife, and getting the bear ashore and as near the fire as he possibly could, he began to take off the skin; and as soon as he got enough off so he could get at the meat, he cut off several slices, and fastening them to pointed sticks he laid them by the fire to roast, a way of cooking which he had learned in his travels in America. He then proceeded with the skinning. It was now growing dark and he had to finish his job by the light of the fire.

He was now very hungry and weak. The meat being roasted, he had his supper of bear meat and a drink from his bottle.

He took the hide and spread it out before the fire partly drying it; then he wrapped himself up in it for the night, but first putting more coal on the fire, and placing his gun and hatchet close at hand. He took a pistol in his right hand while with the left he held the bearskin closely around him; and thus he prepared to spend his first night on a lonely island in the polar region near 78 degrees north latitude.

The stars were shining bright, and the air was somewhat colder, but he felt quite comfortable in that respect with his heavy fur wrapper.

Tired and weak as he was, his thoughts were too much taken up to go to sleep. He sat watching the stars and thinking of his terrible situation, once or twice putting on fresh supply of fuel.

As the night wore on he became more and more dozy, and in spite of his thoughts and fears of unknown dangers, his eyes closed and he fell asleep.

What do you want, broke the stillness of the night, and as he spoke he awoke. He had fancied himself in the cabin of his vessel and someone calling him and pulling his sleeve.

As he awoke he felt something pull at the bear skin from behind, he drew his pistol and fired, a howl and tramping of several feet was heard, as the animals made their retreat, and he judged by close observation that it was a pack of polar foxes. Reloading his pistol and putting more coal on the fire, he awaited the return of the animals, but the sound of a human voice together with the report of the pistol had evidently scared them once for all, as they did not renew the attack.

As it was now quite dark, and a bright fire would be visible a considerable distance out on the ocean, he concluded to build a larger and brighter one, he added more and more fuel till at last he was getting too hot, he got up and walked to and fro watching his fire and thinking if his comrades would only see the light.

The atmosphere was getting clearer, and he listened and watched for some signal that would indicate that his fire was being seen.

Great was his surprise a few moments later, when he heard the rumbling sound as of a cannon; he listened again; yes, there it was again and again, no mistake, it was the only piece of artillery on board the vessel; and it was being fired at intervals and about as fast as a man could reload. This was kept up for about half an hour,

during which time Henry had used up all his fuel on hand, in the effort to raise the flames high in the air.

He tried to be cool but could not; he was growing more and more excited; when his wood and coal was gone, he cut large pieces of fat from the bear and threw it onto the fire.

After the firing of the cannon had ceased, he laid down once more to rest, as he was completely worn out.

He fell asleep and did not awake 'till morning; it was cloudy and a heavy fog hung over the water so he could not see a half mile distant.

A small piece of bear meat, left from the evening before, answered for breakfast.

His fire was nearly out and he set to work gathering more fuel. After about an hour's work, he had sufficient to last till the next day.

The fog was now commencing to clear away and it was once more clear; he could see quite a distance out on the ocean, but no ship was in sight.

The stinging pain in his heart and the feeling that crept over him, no pen can describe. He had hoped for some rescue, but it seemed as though the fog had only come to lead his companions astray, and to keep his island hidden from their view.

What should he do? He asked himself this question over and over again.

A gun lay loaded at his feet. Why not end his misery at once? How could he live here? His brain were working hard; he stared at his gun till his eyes felt as though they would leave their places. He bit his lips, he cursed the day he was born, he hated the world and all nations.

Suddenly a thought flashed through his brain. Had he not in his childhood learned how Robinson Crusoe had stood the hardships? How he had learned to serve his Creator and bear the burden which had befallen him?

Henry rallied; he determined to throw aside all thoughts of suicide, make the best of his situation, and perhaps he would some day be delivered from his prison; although he was at liberty to do as he pleased with everything on the island it was, however, not much better than a prison. Instead of being surrounded by prison walls, he was surrounded by the wide ocean which he was less capable of crossing than had it been a high wall.

He must now prepare some place of shelter. But before doing anything towards that, he concluded to investigate his island; perhaps he could find a more suitable location than where he now was.

So he went to work with renewed hopes. He first roasted several slices of bear meat and put in his hunting bag; then cut off what was yet good, rolled it up in the skin of the bear, and piling a lot of stones over it so as to prevent it being carried off by animals, he started out exploring his continent, as he afterwards called it.

The place where he had come ashore was a small bay about 50 yards wide and 100 yards long. He noticed the water was very shallow and that at certain times there would be an abundance of fish come up, and he thought of some plan to catch them.

He walked around the bay with the intention of following the shore around the island and leave the interior till some other day.

After he had gone some distance he came to a stream of

clear water leading from the mountain to the sea; but being rather wide to jump over and too deep to wade, he started up stream to find some more convenient point to cross. But it continued about the same depth till he came to the foot of the mountain where it came rushing down over the rocks from a height of about 20 feet. Along the banks of this stream the grass was already coming forth and in several places he noticed sprouts of a certain vegetable something like lettuce. He was well pleased with his discovery as he would not need to live on meat alone.

The place where the stream came down was quite hard to ascend, but as he could not see any better place he made an attempt and after some hard climbing he gained the top, where a beautiful sight met his eyes.

There before him lay a level plain of about 30 acres, with a small lake nearly in the center, and green grass visible all around.

It will need a little explanation here, in regard to the grass being visible so soon after the snow and ice had left, but in this region the snow lays so long that the grass and other vegetation has already started under the snow and the change from winter to summer so sudden that a few days makes a great change in the appearance.

Henry's heart leaped with joy as he noticed on the other side of the lake several reindeer enjoying the taste of new grass. He was near enough to shoot one, had he seen fit; but he was not in need of meat at present, and must also find some other method of procuring game, as he had only a few charges of powder and must save that in case of self-defence.

Here is the place for a home thought he; a finer place

could not be found. But no, he must stay near the shore during summer as his fire would be liable to draw some ships attention.

He wandered around for some time, planning to build a hut near shore for the summer, and should he be compelled to pass the winter, he would then arrange his dwelling near this plain. In passing around the lake he had already scared up several water fowls similar to the wild goose. but he did not shoot any of them either, as he had a plan whereby he could catch them without wasting powder.

As it was now nearing evening he started back to prepare himself for the night. He had noticed several large flat stones near where he had his fire, and of these he would build a sort of shelter, for a few nights until he could build a hut.

A few coals was yet left and after adding more fuel he soon had a bright fire. He then ate some of his meat, but did not take any rum, as he thought it better to save that in case of illness.

He then started to work, took one stone and tipped it over in order to get a better hold of it, but by so doing, a small opening became visible. This aroused his curiosity, and he removed a few more, and great was his surprise when he found the entrance to a cave. He stood motionless for a moment, these stones had been placed there by human hands. He had not only found a place of shelter, but evidence that the island had been visited before.

He fired a pistol shot into the opening and after the echo

had died away and no sign of anything living appeared he entered.

The cave was about 5 feet high, 7 feet long and 5 feet wide; the roof or ceiling was made by placing large whale-bone across from one side to the other, and on top of these was a large flat stone. The floor was quite hard and dry, and he felt warm in his newly discovered home. Several useful articles lay scattered about. There was a dish made out of clay, a piece of a spear, some fish hooks made out of some kind of bone, a bow, two arrows, and a knife made from some walrus' teeth.

It was evident that some Indian or Esquimaux had made this his place of abode and would perhaps return, so there was still hope of Henry getting a chance to get to the mainland.

He considered all this as valuable to him, and thanked the Almighty God for his mercy and kindness. This saved him a great deal of labor, he could use this cave temporarily and would not need to prepare any other place unless he should be compelled to stay over winter, when he must have something different, in order not to be covered and blocked by snow.

All his present time could now be occupied in procuring food, game was plenty, but with only six charges of powder and shot, the question was how to procure daily living.

He had judged from the outlook in the bay, that there was fish, and he concluded to try the next day.

A flat piece of wood about two feet wide lay against one side of the cave, undoubtedly to answer the purpose of a seat and also a bed, as it reached the full distance across

the floor. On this he laid the bear-skin so that one part was under him and the other could be drawn over him should he become chilly. Thus he spent his first night of rest, and he slept several hours without any disturbance.

CHAPTER VIII.

Henry now tried to bring back in his mind what he had read in his childhood, for if possible to find as many ways doing certain work without the necessary means.

He must prepare a place for winter large enough to store food for eight or nine months, he must procure this food, and also a supply of fuel.

The plain he had found lay in shelter of the wind, but as there was no wood inland as far as he could see, only a few bushes, and no coal around the plain, it was evident that he would have to find some other place, as he could not get wood or coal from the shore where he now was, on account of the high and almost perpendicular precipice between there and the plain.

The place for storing his provisions must also be well constructed to keep wild animals from helping themselves, and meat must be prepared so as to keep during the long winter months. All this required a great deal of labor, and he must begin at once.

So he concluded to spend one day in searching for a suitable location.

But first of all he must erect some sign or other to show that the island was inhabited; he thought of a plan if he only had a long pole. So he set to work; finding a piece of timber about 20 feet long and about 5 inches thick, he concluded to raise this on end, but it was

too heavy for him to handle. One end was in the water and evidently some remains of a wrecked vessel; he cut some off with his little hatchet until it was reduced sufficient for him to raise it. He then dug a hole in the ground as deep as he could with the hatchet, and cutting off the bear's head he fastened it to the top end of the pole then stood it upright and piling a lot of stones around it 'till it was perfectly solid.

He now cut up all the eatable part of the bear; some he would roast by the fire and some he would hold in the smoke until it was well dried and smoked, and afterwards storing it away in his underground cabin.

He then melted the bear fat in the earthen dish, as he thought of some way to procure a lamp and use this fat in place of oil, as he must have some light for the three months continuous darkness, should he be compelled to spend them there.

The day passed unnoticed with preparing meat, etc. so he must put off his expedition till the next day; but as there was yet a couple hours of daylight he did not remain idle. He went along the shore and gathered as much driftwood as possible. Several large pieces of plank were found; these he concluded to save, for in time he might prepare a boat. His eagerness for a boat was so great that he worked very hard and by dark he had quite a quantity piled up. He now returned to his fire, added more fuel, ate his supper and then entered the cave for the much needed rest.

He awoke towards morning very much refreshed, and thinking it was daylight he crawled outside. It was still dark, but a light streak in the eastern horizon showed

that day was dawning. So he fixed his fire, ate breakfast, and as the bearskin had become quite hard and dry he concluded to try an experiment.

He rubbed some of the melted fat over it, then he scraped it with his knife until he had removed all the meat; then he rubbed some more fat over it, rolled it together and laid it in one corner of his cave. Then he covered the opening with a few flat stones and started off on another expedition.

He started towards the interior of the island at a point about half way between his liberty pole and the stream that came from the lake in the plain.

After going a short distance he discovered some plants similar to those found before. He tasted some and found them to be very valuable in case of sickness, and also very healthy for a person that lived chiefly on meat. As he had studied a great many varieties in his school days, he knew well the value of this plant. He picked some and put them in his hunting bag.

But when he raised up again he felt like hiding in a moment. At a distance of about fifty yards was a large bear playing with two cubs, apparently some over a month old. Suddenly they stopped playing, jumped close to their mother's side and sniffed the air. They had discovered Henry's presence.

He began slowly to retreat, although he knew if he did not rid himself of these they would become dangerous. His gun was loaded with bullet and he held it cocked ready for action. But he did not feel disposed to a battle on open field.

The bear followed Henry, now and then stopping till the cubs could come up, and then again advancing, swinging

her head with the movement of a pendulum.

Henry did not run. He knew that he would at once be overtaken, but retreated with his face towards his enemy and watching every moment.

His idea was to lead the bear to some place where he could shoot her and then capture the cubs or kill them with his hatchet, as he must save powder.

After thus facing the bear for about twenty minutes and the distance between them growing less, Henry found himself at the edge of a small stream of warm water. He thought he could smell sulphur and came to the conclusion that it was an outlet from the heart of the volcano.

As the bear stood still for a few moments Henry took in the situation at a glance. About 30 yards from him was a high perpendicular rock with an opening about one and a half foot wide and five feet high, but between this and where he stood was a small pond or basin of water from where the little stream was the outlet. It was quite clear, but no sign of grass or vegetation near its banks.

But he did not have much time for observation. He was startled by a howl that rent the air. The bear was coming forward very rapidly, evidently bent on securing a breakfast for her young, and in a few minutes she was at the edge of the pond, where she stopped and looked as though she wondered at the sudden disappearance of her prey.

Henry had crossed the pond of water which was very shallow, but became warmer as he neared the rock, and had entered the opening. The sulphuric stream which formed the pond below came through this opening in a

crevice worn in the rock about six inches wide. A large room was visible inside, but the opening did not admit enough light to investigate and Henry had other attentions beside that of the cave.

He stood watching the bear. She had dipped one paw into the water, and finding it warm had withdrawn it, and held it up to her nose, licked the water off and then shook her head. The cubs had by this time reached the pond. One of them jumped in and swam straight towards Henry, who very much surprised at the boldness raised his gun and fired. The cub gave a wild yell and turned over dead. Henry felt sorry that he had wasted a shot as he could have killed it with his hatchet had it made any attempt to enter the opening.

The old bear raised on its hind legs and looked around; whereupon she jumped into the water and dragged the the dead cub ashore. She began to examine the body and found the place where the bullet had entered; a terrible howl echoed among the mountains when she discovered the blood, and after a few attempts to get the cub to stand she picked it up and started back about 100 yards or more, followed by the other.

She now laid it down, and leaving both of them, she returned towards the rocks once more, but often turning back to look at the dead young one.

As she repeatedly turned Henry had time to investigate his cave, after first preparing his pistols and reloading his gun.

CHAPTER IX.

The opening through which he had passed, widened to

about five feet, and at the end of this was a room about ten by 15 feet and partly lighted from a small crack overhead. In the center was a small pool of water which was very hot. The water came from a crack in the rock and a strong sulphuric vapor arose. The floor and three sides was solid rock, the other side being more of a mixture of ground and small stone.

But Henry did not get any more time for his observations; a wild howl was heard outside. He rushed to the opening and saw the bear close to the pond; she stood on her hind legs and looked around; her eyes fell upon the opening in the rock; she had evidently discovered the place where her prey had disappeared.

Henry raised his gun and fired; the bear gave a wild roaring howl, plunged into the water, and came straight towards the cave. As there was not time enough to reload before the bear would arrive, so he retreated further into the cave in the hope that the opening was too small for the bear to enter. This proved the case, as the bear appeared at the opening and made a jump towards Henry but fell back. She made several attempts, and while she was tugging and trying to get through, Henry had reloaded and fired again. The bear fell back apparently disgusted with the attempt, and fatally wounded. She crossed the pond, but going very slowly and now and then staggering from loss of blood; she walked to where her cub was and lay down and soon showed no sign of life.

After Henry had reloaded his gun he walked out and followed, the cub walked around its mother several times, whining, smelling till at last it commenced licking one of the wounds.

Henry did not know what to do, if he let the cub live it

would become dangerous when grown, and he did not like to kill it, as he had no powder to waste, and it would not be right either to kill anything that did not attempt to hurt him.

So after watching the animal for awhile he concluded to leave it even though it would bring him some trouble later on.

He then started back to the cave, in the rock, to investigate if it would be possible to arrange here for winter.

He was a little in doubt as to his safety, he was positive now that he was at the foot of a volcano, but he also considered this place just as safe as any other on the island in case of an eruption.

He was sure this would be a warm place, as the temperature of the water would help to heat the room. So he stepped into the opening once more, but with a feeling far different from the one with which he entered the first time. He looked around the room, the steam from the little pool of water raised and circulated around the room thus filling it with sulphur which could not be endured very long, he thought of his planks that he had gathered at the shore, with these he could lay a floor and thus keep the vapor down.

After having planned how to lay the floor, he thought of enlarging the cave, as it would not be large enough to store all his provisions which necessity would compel him to put up.

He had also thought of procuring some animal alive and keep it for company, as he knew it would be dreadful lonesome to be shut up eight or nine months without seeing a living thing, but if he could tame a deer, a bird,

or a fox, he would have something to pass his time with and talk to even it could not answer. But for this he must also have a room as he could not keep it in the same place as he was.

Here begins the Journal of our young hero's life on the island as told by himself.

As has already been mentioned, the one side of the cave consisted mostly of ground. I concluded to experiment here, if possible to find an inner room or at least to enlarge this one. So I set to work with my hatchet, (as this was my only spade), to dig out the earth.

After working for an hour or more I felt quite hungry and walked outside for some fresh air and to eat some meat and a little of my lettuce.

The young bear cub was still whinnying around its dead mother, I walked over to where it was, drove it away by throwing stones at it, and drawing my knife I set to work skinning the bear, I then carried the skin to the pond for an experiment, my idea was to try if the warm sulphuric water would tan the skin, so I spread it out on the bottom and piled some stones over it to keep it from raising to the surface and from being carried away by some wild beast.

Evening was now nearing and so I started on my way home, with the bear cub following at some distance and keeping up a continuous howling and whining. It sounded so pitiful that I could not stand it. I chased the animal back several times but it kept coming nearer. I could not keep it back and did not like to waste powder. I picked up a piece of rock and waited till it came close

enough to reach it, as I thought if I hit it once it would retreat; so when quite near I threw the stone, striking it on the head and sent it sprawling to the ground. As I was afraid that I had not killed it but still injured it so much that it would have to suffer, I rushed up and finished it with my hatchet.

I now went to my fire, put on more fuel, entered my underground hut, pulled the stone over the entrance and then laid down.

I was planning how to arrange my work. The morning and forenoon should be to gather fuel and provision. The afternoon to work at preparing my dwelling for winter.

All at once it came into my mind that the next day was Sunday, and I concluded not to work, but to pass it as best I could as a day of rest.

When I awoke the next morning I felt very tired; my arms were sore, evidently from hard labor the day before. I had almost forgotten that it was Sunday.

As I had no Bible, I tried to think of some chapter which I had read in my childhood, and thus occupying my mind I wandered around on the island.

□ After a few hours' tramping I came to another stream; along its banks grew small bushes and an abundance of grass. A great deal of ashes was visible in different places. Since my first discovery that human beings had been on the island I had thought of Indians or Esquimaux having visited and perhaps dwelt here, but for some reason or other had left the island.

This proved to be the case when I a few minutes later discovered four Esquimaux huts a short distance from

this stream. Two of them were, however, fallen together so as to be of no use, while the other two were in fair shape, and in one I found several fox skins stored away which I concluded to take possession of.

The sun was already getting low and I started back home. When I arrived the fire was nearly out, but with a little dry moss and small sticks I succeeded in starting it again. After eating my supper I sat down till it was quite late, reflecting upon my past and laying plans for my future.

I then went to rest and slept soundly, when I was awakened by a wild howling over my head. I arose in a sitting position and listened. Breathing could be heard and scratching and biting at the stones that covered my entrance. The noise seemed too much to be that of a fox and the thought struck me that perhaps it was the dead bear's companion, who had come to avenge the death of his family.

I concluded to take a peep; so I pushed one stone a little aside, and the fierce eyes of a large polar wolf met mine. He was not alone, as I heard some more stirring about.

My powder was too scarce to use on them, so I concluded to try another scheme. I tied a small piece of rope (which I had carried with me from the vessel), together so as to form a slip-noose; this I held over the opening and with my hatchet I pushed the largest stone aside.

The wolf's head popped through in a minute and I had him by the neck; he scrambled and snarled but I soon despatched him with my hatchet, while the others seemed to be aware of the condition of their companion and soon

disappeared, although I would sooner have treated them the same way.

I barricaded my entrance once more and attempted to sleep, but the thought of my constant battle with wild animals kept me awake quite awhile; finally I dropped off into dreamland and awoke quite late but very much refreshed.

CHAPTER X.

I crawled out of my hut, fixed my fire and had breakfast, and as a great part of the day was gone I concluded to put off hunting for that day and go to work enlarging my new cave.

I soon reached the sulphur pond, and entering the cave I set to work digging with renewed strength. I had already thought of several ways by which I could make use of an inner cave, or if I could enlarge this one sufficient and then build a partition.

I worked away for some time when to my great surprise the earth gave way and an opening large enough for me to pass through was visible, but the odor which followed, almost choked me and I was compelled to go outside for fresh air.

I went back to the hut at the shore, and making a torch out of grass and bear fat, I returned to examine my new discovery.

I entered the cave and looked around. It was considerably larger than the outer one; so large that it would be very useful for a wareroom. It was about 30 feet long, 15 feet wide and 20 feet high.

The floor was of flat rock, but very soft, but as I after-

wards discovered hardened after it was exposed to the air.

I was well pleased with my discovery. I had now found a place where I could store my provision, and must turn my attention to procuring it, as I knew the winter would come in about three months.

I was very anxious to find out more about my island and also see what game and other provisions it afforded. So one day I took a more westerly course and came on the opposite side of the mountain. Here I discovered what I had already concluded was the case. The mountain was a volcano; here was a large quantity of lava and other substances discharged from it's crater. The further I advanced the more signs of an eruption. In some places it looked quite new and fresh, could not been longer ago than the past winter.

I became very frightened and started homeward. When I arrived near the shore I discovered the waves were becoming very rough. Dark clouds were visible on the western sky, and now came a rumbling like distant thunder. The ground shook and I remembered hearing of earthquakes. I laid my ear to the ground, very frightened indeed. The shocks came heavier and faster. I heard a great noise in the direction of the volcano and looking up I saw smoke and fire coming forth. A strong wind was blowing; the waves rose high, and it seemed as though they would swallow everything around them. There was now another shock. A cracking, singing noise was heard and the volcano threw forth a great quantity of fire and smoke, and everything was quiet except the waves.

How long it took before the water was calm I do not know, as I went to sleep and slept a long time.

When I awoke and crept out of my hut I noticed a short distance from me a large flock of birds. They were near the shore and seemed tired; perhaps from flying a great distance. So I thought of rushing down upon them and perhaps capture some. After preparing myself with a stick in one hand and my hatchet in the other, I started on a dead run, and as they were not able to fly I succeeded in killing a great number which I afterward smoked and stored away in my wareroom, as I will hereafter call my inner cave.

I must now prepare some way to close the entrance to my compartment, and this must be made solid or the wolves and other wild animals would break in and carry off my provisions.

I piled up a lot of stones in the opening as a temporary door until I could find material and time to construct something more convenient and at the same time substantial.

As I was trying the bay for fish the next day I discovered a quantity of whalebone near the shore. These I at once found valuable, as I could use them for different purposes, and it brought new hopes. These had evidently been left here by some whale hunters, and if they were in the habit of landing would they not do so again?

But in a short time I made a new discovery which proved plainly that this place had been visited by civilized people before I set my foot there. I found an anchor; one of the kind that is usually used to anchor a large boat. But it became a question why these people had

left their anchor; perhaps overtaken or surprised by savages, or perhaps signs of a volcanic eruption had scared them off without taking time to hoist their anchor.

I was in a constant fear that I should meet the dead bear's companion; my hatchet, my knife and an unloaded gun were all I had to defend me with, so I set to work making a spear with a sharp point of a whalebone, a weapon which I thought might be useful.

I then built a fence near the shore by driving stakes into the ground, one right close to the other and about six feet above the ground. This enclosure I calculated would be my fort in case of an attack. I had left a small opening on one side through which I could pass, but not large enough for a bear to pass through, and thus enable me to defend myself without powder or bullet.

Having thus completed my fort and made a door for my winter dwelling out of whalebone and other material which I pronounced suitable, I continued to gather fuel and provision. I secured a large quantity of fish which when smoked was excellent and would also keep well for a long time.

I managed to break up some stone in the floor of my ware-room, thus forming a basin wherein I could keep my oil; but the next was to procure the oil, and as I needed a large quantity both for light and to help in making fire, I planned to catch some of the numerous oil producing specimens for which I knew this region was noted.

Having read about a sulphur, as attracting the attention of the smaller kind of the whale family, I gathered as much as I could of a sulphuric substance, and wading into the water some distance, I scattered a large quantity. I then went ashore and abided the result.

Later in the day when the tide was flowing inward, I heard a noise some distance out, and could see by the movement of the water that something was coming towards shore. I prepared myself with my spear and hatchet, the tide being quite high, a great many of different kinds came close to shore. I killed a couple and when the tide began to flow seaward I secured several more, some of them quite large.

After frying out the oil and putting it into my oil well, I concluded that I had enough of this product, and went on with fuel and provision. When I had a considerable quantity stored away I turned my attention towards building a boat.

According to my calculation I was between 75 and 78 degrees north latitude and about 85 longitude, and consequently could not be very far from the mainland of North America and if I could reach that country there would be some means of returning to my beloved home.

I then went to work with renewed vigor and formed my boat as best I could out of some boards and hides. I was not particular as to the looks but it must be strong and tight. So after ten days hard labor I had a boat, a couple of oars, a small mast and a sail.

My plan was to take it apart, store it in the underground hut till next summer, and then as soon as the sea was free from ice, to start out, thinking that with the whole summer before me I should be able to reach my destination. To start now would be running chances of being overtaken by winter again, as a good part of the summer had now gone by.

But I must first try my little vessel, to see if it was wa-

ter tight and also if it would float level, so I hauled it down to the water's edge and pushed it off, it floated well and did not lean to either side. I gave a cheer with delight. But, ah! what is that out on the ocean.

A fire !

I sank down almost in a swoon , and when I came too again, I stood up and watched the fire.

It was not over 8 or 10 miles out and must either be that of a burning vessel or some French whalefishers frying out the oil on the deck, which was generally the custom.

My heart beat faster and I can not describe the feeling that crept over me. My boat was ready, the water calm, the vessel appeared to be in the same place, a couple of hours would bring me to this "Noah's Ark", which had so suddenly become visible.

Why not start out and join them, induce them to turn towards England and in a short time I would embrace my father, mother, and the dear soul whose vision had so often appeared before me in my dreams, and calling with the same gentle tone, come Henry, come, come to my bosom where there is comfort, come to my fire place, away from the sad world with all its dangers.

CHAPTER XI.

I stepped into the boat, but can not recollect the time of day, when I started out on the wide waters of the polar sea. As there was no wind I took my oars and began to row with all my might, and by keeping my eye on the small fire which I had left burning on the island, I was able to keep a pretty straight course towards the ves-

once in a while turning around to see if it was changing position.

After rowing for some time I discovered that the vessel was moving away from me, and I had now entered the numerous cross currents, so that my speed was greatly slackened, and I was also being carried some what out of my course.

I continued to labor against the current, but as my boat was quite clumsy I made but little headway. A light breeze sprung up and I concluded to use my sail which increased my speed some, but to my sorrow the same breeze was also being utilized on board the vessel, one sail was being hoisted after an other and soon she was under full sail and going faster then I was coming.

I did not curse or swear; but I could not keep up my courage. Still I tugged away at my oars; although my arms were aching and my head becoming dizzy I did not give up my task.

All at once the vessel had changed its course and was coming in the direction of where I was. Had they seen me? Had some man aloft discovered my boat through his spy-glass? I could not answer these questions.

But I soon noticed that the vessel was following a boat or at least some dark object. I stopped rowing and cried out at the top of my voice, although I might have known that as the boat was scarcely visible they could not hear me, and after several attempts to burst my lungs I sat down and began to row again.

My strength was giving out and I was both hungry and thirsty. I blamed myself for starting out without any refreshments of any kind, but so great was my anxiety

that I had not thought of anything but to get to the vessel.

I now looked around again. The boat had disappeared and the vessel was changing its course again. It was evident that a new whale had been harpooned and all hands were at work; the vessel was now nearly out of sight.

Being exhausted from hunger and thirst my head began to ache, a feverish chill had overcome me and I sank down in the bottom of the boat, leaving it to the mercy of the waves.

I fell into a sort of trance. I thought I could see vessels all around me. How long I lay I do not know but a cool breeze swept over me. I came to and sat up. The wind had changed and I was being carried in the direction of my island as I could see the top of the mountain. I was wishing myself back there; although it was lonely it was better than here in an open boat and nothing to eat.

No ship was in sight, but I was unable to increase the speed of the boat. Thus I sat for some time when the fever again took hold of me, and I was compelled to lie down.

I lay on my back watching the stars which had now made their appearance. I must have fallen asleep, at least I felt as though I had slept, when I made another attempt to rise in a sitting position. I was now within a quarter of a mile of the island and could see the pole which I had raised.

But I was being carried away instead of towards it. I had been driven into another current and was too weak to steer my boat from its course. The little bay and all

that had been visible was fast disappearing and I threw myself down again, as lost and forlorn, not caring the least what became of me.

People that live in comfortable homes and read stories of shipwrecks and burning vessels and how people are sometimes saved cannot imagine the feeling of a person alone on the wide ocean, where so many people are buried without a tombstone to mark their resting place.

But I had now one hope, that death was soon at hand. How I had wished I could rise up, hoist my sail and steer to my native home; but now all had left me, I was only waiting for death to end all my suffering.

Suddenly I noticed close by my side some branches hanging out almost over my boat. What was that? I gathered all my strength and got up on one elbow. I was near land and my boat still moving.

I was being driven by the wind into the mouth of a small stream of clear water and I soon struck the shore. I managed to crawl out of my boat and onto the bank where I lay quite motionless.

I felt almost dead as I lay there watching the clear water of the stream. I concluded to try to get some. I dipped some out into the palm of my hand and drank. It was cool and refreshing. Close by my side was a little bush with a few half-ripened berries on. I took these and after a while I felt a little better. I wished myself back to my home as I called my volcanic island.

There I had a warm place to sleep, plenty of provision and fuel and here I had nothing.

But I concluded to rest and eat berries until I got strength enough to return. So I crawled around picking

such berries and plants as I thought fit to eat, and after three days I was able to walk around.

Not having strength enough to undertake the voyage nor favorable wind either I thought I would look over my new continent.

I found that this island was very low and deep. I saw no sign of any wild animals with the exception of a reindeer, and no trees. only a bush here and there among the tall grass.

There was however a large quantity of birds. Some of them I killed with my oars. And I also found a good many eggs which were a great help to me. The last day I discovered something similar to a rabbit, but the animal was too quick for me to get a good look at it.

I concluded to visit this island again if I was to live in this region very long.

On the morning of the tenth day the wind was fair, and after getting my birds and a number of eggs on board, I stepped into my little vessel, hoisted sail and started.

The water was calm, the sky clear and the breeze bore me gently onward. After a few hours I could see the top of the mountain, which some days before had seemed so lonesome, but today was my destination.

I had miscalculated a little on the direction in which my island lay, so I had to change my course a degree or so, as soon as it became visible.

My heart leaped with joy when towards evening I could see my pole near the shore. I steered my little vessel into the bay and stepped ashore.

But I had no sooner set my foot down when I discovered something. I often wonder that my head didn't burst

open that minute. I sank to the ground. There was the mark of a boat as it had struck the bank, and there was the track of sailors with rubber boots.

I nearly wet mad; what a fool I was to think I could catch a vessel with my clumsy boat. I should have stayed here, then I could have gone home with them. So, while I had been absent, the help which I so long had looked for, had come and gone.

I walked towards the place where I had been accustomed to build my fires; there was the bones of some animal which they had killed and roasted. I stirred up the ashes and found that they had but recently departed as there was a few hot coals yet. Had I only returned a day sooner; now they would go and report finding signs of human beings on the island, but unable to find who it was. They would undoubtedly think me killed by some wild beast and consequently would not come back and renew the search.

I brought my cargo of birds and eggs ashore, fastened my boat, and after taking some refreshments I took the gun out of my underground hut. Although I had no powder, I felt as though I should carry my gun just the same. I started to look for more evidence as to who had been there, and to see if my stock of provision in the inner cave by the sulphur pond was untouched. The visitors might been Esquimaux and that they had stolen all my property.

As I got a few rods away from where they had eaten their meal, the tracks became invisible, it being mostly rocks for some distance. But I continued my course towards the cave.

I stopped, my eyes became blinded, my knees shivered. Was I bewitched? Could I believe what I saw before me, or was I to be led again by some unknown spirit only to be mocked and fooled as I had been on my fatal trip after that imaginary vessel.

With folded arms I stood staring, before me there was the mark of a foot, but only one foot, next to it was the mark of a round stick, then came the foot print again, and there another round hole. I had seen such many times before, but, how could it be possible, how came he here? still it was the mark of a man with a wooden leg.

As I examined the tracks I became more and more convinced that I was acquainted with them. So he had been here with these men and of course gone away with them, and giving up all hopes, I drew a deep sigh and started on.

I stopped again, there before me at a short distance was the form of a person, sitting on a stone and smoking his pipe.

My heart beat faster then ever. Was that a man? yes, at least a human being dressed in furs from his cap to his shoe. I resolved to speak, be it friend or foe. I started forward but stumbled over a stone.

He jumped up raised his gun as he spoke.

Hello there! who are you? and where do you come from!

I dropped my guns and held up both hands, there was my old companion with the wooden leg.

I got up and ran towards him, then I fell fainting into his arms.

When I came too again I whispered, Stop, Stop, is it

you? yes, yes, master Henry, but what in the world has brought you to play Crusoe in this uncivilized part of the world.

And what—what has brought you here, I said.

Oh, I don't know, Mr. Henry, but here I am, and here I intend to stay, at least for awhile, as we cannot get away so easy. But get up now and take courage. Ha! ha! this was a curious place, so it was. But tell me how you came here?

I could not answer him. To hear a voice, and that of my old friend, on this lonely island, was too much of a surprise. I could scarcely believe my own ears.

Talk, Stop, talk to me, I said. It sounds pleasant. I have not heard my own voice for a long time.

Poor Henry, muttered he, as he wiped the tears from his eyes.

So it is you, after all, Mr. Stop? I asked.

Myself, and no other; on deck, and ready to do my duty.

Merciful God, I said, as I folded my hands.

Arise, Mr. Maynard, said Stop in a pleasant voice. Tell me your adventures. I cannot understand.

I got up, took my gun and we started back towards my underground hut. All my hopes of escape seemed to come back to me. I felt as though we could manage very well now.

Sit down, my boy, said Stop, as he stirred up the coal and put on some wood.

I gave a start and looked at him without saying a word. Everything seemed like a dream. I was afraid I would wake up and find him gone, and I left alone as usual.

Don't stare at me so, said he, as I was examining his

costume, which consisted of a heavy fur coat, cap and pantaloons of same material. In his belt he carried two pistols, a large hunting knife and a hatchet. Over his shoulder was a strap to which hung a large powder horn and shot bag. His gun was double barreled and would carry either bullet or fine shot.

Don't stare at me so Henry, he repeated, tell me all about your voyage, and we will afterwards lay plans for our escape from this blessed wilderness.

I now felt quite myself and commenced to question him.

When did you leave England, I asked?

In April.

How is my father?

In good health and spirit.

And my dear mother?

Down-hearted, but says you will return.

God bless her! And my cousin, my dear Fanny, how is she?

Well, she looks rather pale since she don't see you every day, but the roses will come back to her cheeks some day.

Will we ever get home again Stop? I asked doubtful.

I should like to know the reason why we shouldn't, I can't see any hindrance; we may perhaps have to wait here a few days, answered the old man in his humoring way.

Well, in fact Stop, I can almost believe everything now. To have you here seems so strange that I believe most anything can happen.

Sure, Mr. Henry—but when will I find out about your

landing on this rough looking place?

I commenced now to tell him of my voyage and my ride on the iceberg, etc. Went through all the details of my experience after landing on the island, and finally stopped at the time I met him.

That was one of the strangest adventures—why it has been a real Robinson Crusoe. I believe all of that story now; it is no use to tell this old head that it didn't happen.

But my dear friend now tell me how you came here, said I.

Well you see, Mr. Henry, when you was gone I commenced to feel uneasy. Nothing suited me. I could no more smoke my pipe undisturbed. I commenced to chew very hard. Hold on old boy, says I to myself, this won't do. Cheer up, what is the matter with these old bones. Ah! join the army. No, not now, I am too old. So I kept thinking what to do till I finally came to the point.

Well, what was it Stop?

Laziness, Henry, nothing but laziness. Home says I, is no place for me, I am on the wrong shore, hoist anchor turn out, my place is with Mr. Henry. So I concluded to hunt you up and help find the north pole. God bless you Stop, said I, as I wiped away the tears.

Well how was I to go, continued Stop, this became a question, so I went down to the dock one day, there I met an old comrade; he had just been hired as captain on board a vessel chartered for these waters. I told him that I wanted to go along.

What! said he, old man ain't you afraid that your one leg is rather stiff for whale fishing? ha! ha! ha!

Sure enough I have but one leg, but I can steer, or I can be boss even without legs. I can take a pleasure trip without either arms or legs, can't I?

Oh! I see, you are going for past time are you, well all right, bring your baggage on board to morrow, you can pay one shilling per day for board, but you will get no rum, I don't keep it there, I never drink any myself and don't allow my men to drink it either while on board.

He must have been a nice man, said I.

So he was, very good natured, did not care for luxuries but always full of fun, never spent much, had money in the bank.

Well we sailed northward, and I kept a lookout for the "Fanny." I had been in these waters before and knew as much as the captain did. Two months ago we met the "Fanny" homeward bound, with the sad news. I can not describe my feeling when I heard of it.

They said they had looked for you but failed to find you and had given you up for dead. They wanted me to go back with them, but I refused. I could not face your father and mother without bringing you or try to bring you. So we continued our course. We were having good luck in catching whales, and followed one quite close here, One of the men saw your pole with the bear's head. We pulled ashore and found that you or someone had been here, but had left. They would not stay any longer, but I would. I told them to come after me when they went home, or come again next summer. They said I was crazy: but I did not care. So I got my baggage, ammunition and some fish-hooks, and here I am, thank God, now that I have found you, Henry.

How can I ever repay you, Stop, I answered, when he had finished.

By keeping up your courage, Mr. Henry. We will get home again some time, and he got up to fix the fire.

I was so well pleased to have a companion, and especially Old Stop, that I cried with joy. He had with him some crackers, tea and sugar, something which I often had longed for. He also had plenty of ammunition, which would make it easier to procure game for the winter, as our supply must now be doubled.

What do you think of my cave, Stop? I asked a few days later as he was smoking his pipe, and I was cleaning some fish, which we had just caught.

I think it is all right.

Do you believe we can winter there?

Why not?

The odor from the sulphur is quite strong; and then I explained to him my plan of laying a floor.

A good idea, Mr. Henry, a plan derived from playing Robinson Crusoe. You see we have learned something therefrom.

That is so Stop, although I never thought of any such thing.

One can never tell what may happen, Mr. Henry. Who knows, perhaps we'll meet with Esquimaux with sleds and dogs; we jump into the sled and away we go, ha! ha! ha

I am afraid the volcano has chased them away; they have been here before.

And they will come again; this island is full of game; these fellows know it, and will surely return.

I hope so, I answered, thoughtfully.

So do I, but let us hunt today, a reindeer or two will add considerable to our stock of provision.

With pleasure; I don't see them very often, but over in the valley I caught sight of two old ones and two fawns.

We will shoot the old ones, and catch the young, said Stop smiling.

So we started towards the small lake and plain already described. When we got to the rocks which we had to climb, Stop cried out, hello Mr. Henry, how will I get up there?

Easy enough, I answered, as I began the ascent. When I got to the top I threw my rope down to Stop and pulled him up after me.

We now passed around the edge of the underbrush towards the south, where we expected to find some in the shade. We had not gone far when we noticed, as I thought, the same as I had seen the day before; there were four, two old ones and two fawns.

They raised there heads and sniffing the air as though they had discovered an enemy, they began to stir.

Fire, whispered Stop. You take the one to the left, and quick now.

The last word had scarcely left his lips, when the report of our guns rang out over the plain, and echoed back from the mountain. The two old ones fell dead and the young pair stood as nailed to the spot.

Well done Mr. Henry, shouted Stop; now for a chase and catch those two alive. No, wait, give me your rope.

What are you going to do now, I asked, as I handed him my rope which he tied to his and formed a slip-noose at one end.

Try to lasso them, they are close together, and if I can get a little nearer it will be the easiest way. If we can catch these lambs it will be company for us this winter and perhaps a few good meals in spring when our provisions are all gone.

But I don't see how you will accomplish it.

Wait, said he, and you will see how they catch wild horses in South America. And he started along while I sat down to watch the result.

The two stood with heads erect watching Stop as he came hobbling along, but neither of them made any signs to move.

He would now and then make a sound, which he afterwards explained was the sound of the mother-deer, and when he was close enough he threw the rope with astonishing accuracy, and the two deer came down in a heap!

Come quick Henry! he shouted as he moved along as fast as his wooden leg would allow it. I ran to his assistance and we tied the two together, so that they could walk freely but still not get away.

Then we tied them to a small tree near by, while we proceeded to skin the two old ones and to cut up the meat.

What shall we do with those two, they will not eat and we have no milk.

We will tether them where there is grass, during the day, and put them in the inner cave over night, which will also serve as stable this winter.

Yes, we can do that, and we must cut some hay to feed them over winter.

We managed to get the two young deer down near our

hut, and also the meat of the two old ones, which we dried or smoked. Stop was sitting on a stone, slicing the meat, when his eyes fell on a small skin bag, he picked it up and asked me what it was.

Powdered coal and sulphur, I said. It will be remembered that I had used this at first to draw the smaller specimens of whale, etc., near the shore. I had tied a piece of skin together so as to form a sort of bag to put the sulphur in, and this was what Stop had just found.

I explained my experiment and he laughed at the notion.

Who would ever have thought of coal and sulphur for bait in a civilized country? Strange what a person will try; queer notion; ha, ha, he, he, ho, ho, and the old man laughed 'till he shook all over.

God save us, I shouted, as I made a jump towards where the guns were, but slipped and fell, spraining my ankle so that I could not move.

Why, what's the matter, what's up? asked Stop as he came and tried to help me up.

A bear! A bear! I answered as I pointed in the direction where I had seen it.

Well what then? keep cool, I will see to him in a minute, guess I am good for one even though it is a bit one, get up.

He helped me up in sitting posture, but I was no good in the battle which I knew was before us. The bear, a monstrous male, was coming towards us at about 200 yards distance.

Stop picked up the little bag of sulphur, took his gun,

felt for his hatchet and hunting knife, and then started towards the shore.

I was afraid that Stop would not be able to handle him, his wooden leg making it more inconvenient to move, and also being quite old. I could not guess at first why he had left me, but I soon discovered his motive, he wanted to draw the bear's attention from me, and also get on the other side of my fence which I have already described.

He soon reached the enclosure and hanging the sulphur bag on a stake right inside of the opening, he remained outside with his gun ready for action.

The bear was coming slowly, head erect, and when nearing the old man he raised up on his hind legs, looked around, and then with a growl started towards Stop with more haste as though he was afraid to lose his prey.

Fire, I shouted as I was getting very anxious for my old friend, and not in a position to help him.

Be still, he answered, and shook his fist at me.

The bear stood upright again as if to ascertain where my voice came from, when Stock took aim and fired. A howl rent the air and the beast plunged forward, scarcely giving Stop time to crawl through the small opening. Stop emptied the other barrel, but still the furious beast rushed against the stakes as if to run them down, but fortunately I had driven them pretty deep.

The monster tried to get through the opening, but it proved to small. He had no sooner stuck his head through when I saw Stop deal him a blow with his hatchet, and at the same time throwing sulphur in his face.

The wounded bear was raging fearfully. He would

bury his teeth in the stakes and tear out large pieces of wood. Every time he would come within reach of the hatchet he would receive another wound, but it being very light, the effects were only to make him more enraged.

Finally Stop withdrew from the opening and I could hear he was loading his gun.

I was becoming more and more alarmed for my friend. I could not get up near enough so as to shoot, and even if I had, I was afraid that I would miss the bear and perhaps hit the old man.

The brute was tearing away at the fence and making every effort possible to get at his opponent. Meanwhile Stop had succeeded in reloading his gun. A report, mingled with the roar of the bear, echoed far back among the mountains, and when the smoke cleared away I saw the bear had gained the other side where Mr. Stop was hopping around dealing blow after blow with his hatchet and throwing handfuls of sulphur into the bear's face. The furious beast made several attacks, but it was evident that he was weakening from loss of blood.

When he received the last shot he had made one plunge at the opening, and tearing down several stakes had thus gained admittance.

Gathering all my strength and nerve I commenced to crawl toward the field of battle. Although my pain was great, my anxiety for the brave old man was greater. I had two loaded pistols in my belt, if I could only get close enough to either use them myself or throw them to Stop.

The pain from my sprained ankle was sickening, but I continued forward. But, oh! to my horror, the bear made one more effort. Both went down, and as it seemed to me, the bear was on top. I shut my eyes for a moment. My heart ached. Was I alone once more? Had this monster put off his visit until I had received a companion and then come to kill him? I cannot describe all the thoughts that flew through my mind, but when I opened my eyes again everything was quiet.

I could see both laying on the ground side by side. Neither of them stirred. It was evident that the bear was dead, but was my friend dead also?

I broke down. I scarcely had strength enough to move. I was wishing myself dead, as I had done on several occasions before. What should I do all alone, now that I had enjoyed the pleasure of a companion?

How long I crawled before I got there I do not know, but when I came close enough so that he could hear my voice I called out, Stop! Stop! My dear friend. Hello there don't act so scared boss. I am only resting myself. I done him up, though he is the largest I have ever seen, and as he spoke he raised up in a sitting position.

Are you really unhurt Stop? I asked.

No bones broken, thank God. He had me foul at last, but I reached for my knife as we fell and before he could choke me his heart was pierced, and he soon released his hold. He was getting weak and my knife was long and sharp. Never saw such a brute. Tried to hug me, but the sulphur was a great thing to blind him with and then shift my position. I hope there is no more like this on your great continent. Was a

warm job, Mr. Henry.

I could not answer. I was crying, partly from fear that he was hurt but would not tell me, and partly from joy for having him yet alive. But I was soon satisfied when he got up and went down to the water's edge to wash.

After he had all the blood washed off (which luckily had all come from the bear), he came back to me and said:

Let us go to the hut and get something to eat. I feel quite weak and hungry.

But I cannot walk, I said, pointing to my sprained ankle.

But I can help you, he answered. Now lean on this stick and on my shoulder.

Taking the stick which he gave me in one hand, and putting the other one on his shoulder, I managed to get back to the hut, into which we both crawled; and after finishing our meal we both lay down.

I slept about six hours, when I awoke and found Stop gone. I called him but received no answer. I lay still and listened. I soon heard him outside, and presently he appeared in the hut. He brought me some vegetables to eat, and also some leaves which he laid around my ankle and then put on a bandage. He told me that he had put the two young deer in the inner cave and had given them some grass which he had pulled, so now we could take a good long rest.

After he had been quiet for some time, during which I thought he had been asleep, he broke the silence.

Say, boss?

Well, what is it?

It has been a terrible day. Should we not pray to God?

I have already thanked God from the bottom of my heart. But if you wish I will repeat it together with you.

But, you see, I never learned a prayer, said he slowly.

What! can that be possible?

No, I have not. I never knew father, mother, or any other friends in my childhood. The first I can remember was in Portsmouth, where I was doing little odd jobs, such as errand boy, etc. I was once put in jail for begging, and as soon as I was able I went to sea, and kept that up until I lost my leg, when your father took pity on me. But I am getting old and ought to know a little about those things, had I not, Henry?

Here was a job for me. At home I had never asked him about such. I knew he had no education, but thought, anyway, he knew how to pray.

Shall I teach you? I asked.

If you please, Mr. Henry, I feel in need of it.

So I taught him the prayer which Christ taught his disciples, and after saying it several times after me he could almost say it alone. We talked for some time about various points in the Bible, and I found that although he could not read it he had picked up certain ideas from what he had heard. Finally he became quiet, and thinking he had dropped off to sleep I said no more.

Say, boss? he said suddenly.

What is it, Stop? I asked quite startled, as I had already commenced to doze off in a slumber.

It is about these reindeer.

Well, what?

Don't they draw sleds?

Yes, I answered, wondering what he meant,

Then we will use them as the means of our escape. I see no reason why we should not reach the more civilized part of the world. We will feed them and when they are large enough we will make a sled and harness, then break them in the same as a pair of colts. This plan will work, I know it will.

I believe it Stop, a very good idea, we must take real good care of them that they may grow fast.

You bet we will, and if we don't eat dinner at home next Christmas my name is no more Stop.

May God help that to be true, I answered.

Good night Henry.

Good night Stop.

And with the bright hope of escape before us we both fell into a long sleep.

I did not awake until the old man had been up and prepared our breakfast. I arose and found my ankle somewhat better but not able to rest on the foot. But after a couple days I was again about helping to gather fuel for the winter which was now nearing.

CHAPTER XII.

We had now fixed up the cave as comfortable as possible, and moved all of any value from the hut near the shore. The inner cave we had divided in two rooms, one for our provision and one for our team, who as Stop said, was to draw us out of this forsaken place.

The birds began to fly southward, a sign that made our hearts sink. We felt that these poor creatures could go where it was warm and plenty to eat, while we must stay and spend the winter in a cave and not knowing if we

would see the next summer or not. The snow began to fall, the water became covered with ice, and the winter came rapidly over us.

We were, however, pretty well prepared, having enlarged the entrance to the cave near the top, we barricaded the lower part of the opening so that we must go up a short ladder to gain an entrance, this ladder we would pull up after us when we went in thus leaving no way for any wild animals to attack us. The opening through which we passed was only about two feet square, for this we had made a door out of boards found at the shore.

We had also made a small hole at the top of the cave for the smoke to pass out. By taking a dry bear skin and placing it right over our fire place, leaving it wide at the bottom and tapering towards the hole, we thus formed a chimney.

We were not in need of any large fire as the heat from the sulphur stream under the floor helped to keep the cave warm. We also left a small hole in the floor right over the stream. Here we would place the earthen dish which I found in the underground hut, and in this we would melt snow for drinking, and also cook some of our food, the water being very hot.

Don't look so sad and downhearted boss, said Stop, we will not bury our bones here. We will not, like Robinson Crusoe live thirty years on this lonely island. No sir. We will get home; if not this winter, then next summer.

I hope so Stop. You have great courage and I ought not to complain, inasmuch as I have a companion. But it seems very hard to think of being shut up here so many months.

I expect though to have a few trips on the hard snow for exercise, and perhaps an encounter with a bear or a wolf.

I should think you had enough bear-fights, I said, laughing.

You think so, eh! Let them come. Barricaded as we are here I am not afraid of the largest.

We were already beginning to fear that our supply of hay for the two reindeer would not be sufficient for them, although we had gathered as much as possible.

They were now very tame and when we would talk of about killing one so as to better keep the other, Stop would look at them and say, I can't do it boss. They look at me as if to say, old man, you have taken me and you must keep me. So we will have to let them live as long as possible.

With pleasure, as far as I am concerned, I answered.

Our decision in this line was often rewarded afterward, as we found great pleasure and pastime with them during the long winter.

We were now within 5 or 6 weeks of the time when continuous darkness would begin and last for three months. It was getting very cold and much snow had fallen which almost covered the opening where the smoke was to find its way out. We therefore made it a daily practice to shovel the snow away every morning and raise a pole as a guide for the smoke to raise into the air.

We divided the day as follows: The morning and forenoon to prepare our meals and take a trip out on the snow for fresh air. Then we would eat dinner and after

finishing this meal, we would go to our work, that of making a boat.

We had concluded that if we did not get away on the ice (which was not very possible as the reindeer were growing very slowly), we would go when summer came; but as we were now two and must take considerable provision, the boat I had built was too small, consequently we must build a new one.

This was a task which required a great deal of labor, as our material was poor and our tools were only a hatchet and a large knife each and a small saw blade in the handle of Stop's knife.

But we were in earnest and worked five or six hours every day. It would be too tiresome for the reader if I should describe every day as it passed; there was not much change until some time in January; Stop remembered having something in the bottom of his trunk which he had not before thought of.

He pulled out a package wrapped in paper.

What is it? I asked.

Open it and see, he said.

I took the package and found it to be the Bible. No more lonely evenings now. We had been accustomed to read in a few scraps of newspaper. Although we knew every word by heart, Stop being full of jokes would light his pipe after supper and then ask.

Any mail today, boss?

I would answer yes and hand him a piece of the paper.

You better read us the latest news he would say and hand me back the paper; whereupon I would commence and read the items over as though it was the news of the day.

But now we had the Bible, I would read about an hour and then we would talk about what we had read until bedtime.

The second day of February showed the first sign of the blessed sun, after being gone 84 days. We went out to enjoy the sight. But the air was so cold that we could not stand to be out over 10 minutes at a time.

During this month, Stop was taken very sick. He complained of pain in his amputated leg and talked at times so bewildered that I was getting very frightened. I cared for him with motherly care, and as he had a strong constitution he finally began to get better, and after some time was completely cured, and as strong as ever.

CHAPTER XIII.

The time passed without any particular change, until the month of May, when we experienced something which will bear a definite description. The weather was getting more pleasant and we would venture some distance from our cave, keeping a sharp lookout for any wild animals that might have ventured out also.

I think it was the fifth of May when Stop started out to see if any signs of vegetation had appeared on the south side of the mountain, thus enabling us to make calculations as to the length of time before the snow would leave. I did not feel very well that morning so did not accompany him. But after a couple of hours I started out to join him.

There was no wind and the snow had softened some, making it hard for Stop with his wooden leg.

He had not got very far, and I soon discovered him

hopping along now and then pulling and tugging to get his leg out when it sunk into the snow.

I looked around, and as I glanced towards the shore where our underground hut was I saw something. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. Stop was too far away to call him, so I motioned for him to come to me. At the same time I started running towards him.

What is the matter, boss? he asked, when we met.

See!

He looked in the direction I pointed and was almost as surprised as I.

What is that? I asked in a low whisper.

Smoke, he answered slowly.

Where there is smoke, must also be fire I said.

To be sure. Let us be careful; who knows what it is.

It is surely people of some kind I answered in a low tone.

I believe it, but God knows what kind.

Natives of course, who else?

Then they are dangerous, I do not know these people, said Stop.

Not very dangerous. If they are of a friendly tribe they will be our rescuers.

But how did they get here?

In sleds drawn by dogs I answered.

Let us in the name of Heaven get there and see who it is.

Come then, I said. Being well armed we started in the direction of the smoke. I had only one thought, that of escape by the help of these savages.

We had soon passed around the rocky height which lay

between us and the shore, and we saw about a dozen Esquimaux crouching around a small fire in front of a snowhut which had been hurriedly built.

A few minutes later they divided into three parties, one coming in direction of us, the second going the opposite way, and the third consisting of a couple women, remained at the hut.

Come boss, said Stop hurriedly, this is no place for us. These fellows will be down on us in a minute if they see us.

We then withdrew, unnoticed by these small crippled-looking creatures, who had chosen the arctic region for their homes.

What shall we now do? I asked.

Hm, hm, boss; I dunno. I have different plans in my head.

I am ready to listen to what you have to say. Stop, but waste no time, we must not let our chance slip by, perhaps we will never get another.

Nonsense Henry, I intend to get away without accompanying those dwarfs, but if we can get any information as to the direction etc., I would listen to them. But here is a dry stone near the stream that comes from our cave, let us sit down and hold a mass meeting. So saying the old man sat down and proceeded to light his pipe without saying anything further.

The place where we stopped was free from snow. The heat from the sulphuric stream having melted it several feet away. We were here hidden by a large rock, so that nobody could see us unless they came close, at the same time we commanded a good view for several rods.

After a few minutes had elapsed and Stop was still smoking his pipe in silence, I could not keep still any longer, I was too anxious to get away from this miserable place.

Well Stop what shall we do? I questioned.

Say boss, are you prepared for battle? he asked as he pointed towards the Esquimaux.

If necessary, but only when absolutely, necessary.

Very well, you know that we with our powder and bullets can do away with them shortly.

But why should we do that?

I did not say we should do it, I was only making a proposition say for instant we killed them all, they must have come here on sleds.

Certainly they did.

Well we kill all of them and catch the dogs.

What then?

We will follow our nose right out across the ocean, and be home in quick order.

We must not do that Stop, to kill them is out of the question, we are not blood thirsty, and we do not know how to drive the dogs, neither do we know the right direction to keep us out of danger.

Well, then we must gain their friendship. We must in some way show them our power with the guns, and get them to take us to some trading point on the mainland.

Just my idea Stop. But how are we to carry it out?

I propose that we take the women prisoner.

That would not be very friendly, I said, smiling at the old man's idea of catching Esquimaux women.

No, but you see boss, if we got a couple of women or

girls and then made them understand that they would not be harmed and would be returned if they would bring us to some ship. We could make them a present of the two deer, together with some other articles.

Your plan is good Stop, we must carry this out to perfection.

Alright Henry, if you are satisfied we will—down! down! he added as he threw himself back of the stone upon which we had been sitting and drew me down also.

What is it? I asked in a low whisper.

I don't know yet, but it is one of these Esquimaux creatures.

Lay still then I said, it may be a God-send servant to relieve us from our prison.

See here boss, you are young and nimble yet. Everything depends on you. The person is not armed as near as I can ascertain; is following our tracks; must be an inquisitive woman. When she gets right opposite us, you must jump up and catch her, then everything is O. K.

I nodded to him and laid down my gun, fixed my hatchet and waited.

Sh, Sh, said Stop as the person drew nearer. We could now hear footsteps on the snow. The person was a woman but not an Esquimaux, and as near as I could tell she belonged to one of the Indian tribes below Hudson bay, but would go hunting as far north as Great Bear Lake.

I cannot describe my feelings. It my judgment was correct, she must be a prisoner and would then be our friend. Furthermore if she belonged to any of the tribes I have mentioned, she would undoubtedly understand

some English, as there were English trading posts along Hudson Bay.

She was very young and fair of face, considering the class of people she belonged to. She was warmly clad in buckskin and furs.

She looked around very carefully, and a smile played on her lips when she noticed the smoke from our cave, and signs of someone living there. She then turned to look back, evidently to ascertain whether she was being followed or not, whereupon she came directly towards the cave.

With the quickness of a tiger I was by her side.

Ugh! was her only remark.

Make no noise, I whispered. I felt sure she would understand.

I have never heard a more pleasant voice as she began to laugh lightly, and her eyes beaming with joy.

Do you understand me, I said, and know that we are friends.

Good paleface—Englishman, she answered in a mild but proud tone.

In the name of all that is holy, I said, turning to Stop, let us go inside. This girl is a Chippewa.

Yes—paleface—young—old man—know Indian girl—Chippewa.

Well, said Stop, shaking his head as he picked up his gun and followed us, this is the strangest I have ever seen.

And he hopped along on his wooden leg, to the great surprise of the girl who had evidently never seen the like. Meanwhile I had let go of the girl and was walking by

her side. My heart beat with joy. I could scarcely keep the tears back.

We went into the cave and, lighting our lamp, bade her take a seat; while I brought her something to drink, and made preparations to boil some venison.

But she shook her head and jumped up.

What do you mean? asked Stop.

Are you not hungry? I said.

Yes; Indian squaw hungry—no like Esquimaux food—ugh!—dirty; glad to see clean venison—but Squaw Wahpanosh wait on you; warrior eat first.

Rather queer people these Indians, said Stop, laughing; and the Esquimaux must be more so. No wonder she don't like their food. I have heard that they eat the meat of the seal and drink the oil of the whale. But how did she know this meat was venison?

They have a fine scent, I answered, as I watched her preparing the food.

They must have—but say, boss, we are quite a family now, ain't we? ha, ha, ha.

What are you laughing about, Stop?

I was just thinking what a grand time we will have when we get home.

But we are not home yet, I said gravely.

No, we are not. There is some miles of salt water, and a few miles of land to cross; several months will pass, but it is as well as done now.

I hope so—but let us talk to the girl, I said, as she gave us some well prepared meat and then sat down to partake of it herself.

How long have you been prisoner? I asked.

One—two summers—one—two winters.

Where did you come from?

My tribe lives at Saskatchewan, she answered. Was once hunting by Great Bear lake—met Esquimaux—my warriors brave fight—hate Esquimaux—take heap scalp—Esquimaux fly—find Wahpanosh in woods—take her—bring her here.

And do you wish to go back to your tribe?

If not go back—soon die—always winter here—no wigwam—marry young elk in three moons, when I go back.

So you are willing, Wahpanosh, to help us in getting away; to bring us to your tribe, and then to some fort where there are big ships?

Pale faces take Indian squaw back, show father and mother, smiling bird's face, always friends, bring pale face to big salt sea.

It is a bargain Wahpanosh, I answered. And when we get home to my father, mother and the one that is to be my wife, I will send Wahpanosh nice blankets and young elk shall have the best rifle in England.

She laughed heartily at this suggestion, and then asked. How did pale face come here—leave young squaw—old father—old mother?

I told my story as short and plain as possible; she had seen the big ships at Fort York and had some idea about whale fishing, etc. She then told me about some pale faces that had marched through their hunting grounds on their way north. I afterwards learned that she referred to Franklin's expedition by land, when exploring the arctic region.

Now, Wahpanosh, I said, you know this country better

than we, how are we to get away?

Kill all the Esquimaux, she answered excited, load one—two sleds—plenty to eat—Wahpanosh show way to sunny land.

No, no, smiling bird, I will not kill them; I would rather go with them to their land and then afterwards to your land.

Pale face—warrior—no like scalp—good—give Esquimaux present—eat heap—them hogs—big hogs.

That is right said Stop laughing, they are hogs.

We must give them nearly all our provision, if they can be bribed at all, I remarked.

No sirree boss, we want to keep enough for a long trip. We will give them the oil and the live deer.

Live deer—pale face live deer and the girl looked around.

Ah! you do not know half of our secrets said Stop as he arose, lighining a torch and started towards the inner cave.

She took the torch out of his hand and began to examine the room, she made a frightened remark when she noticed the guns. It appeared as though she had not paid any attention to them when we first met her. Fire-bow—Esquimaux much afraid, no hurt pale face.

Good! she shouted and clapped her hands as she entered the inner cave, pale face heap wise, good wigwam, deer good present, for Exquimaux, hogs, eat, two, three mouthfuls.

Must we sacrifice them? I said turning to Stop.

To be sure, he answered; we are going away, and even though we let them loose they would not be able to pro-

vide for themselves. And these hogs as she calls them must have something.

Very well then Stop, tie them together so the girl can lead them. It is best to let her go ahead and arrange with them for our coming.

Good, answered the girl, Wahpanosh is ready.

We got the two deer outside and tied them together with a line so that she could lead them.

Now go I said, my heart beating fast, I was alarmed as to the result. Go Wahpanosh, and remember we trust in you. Treat us honestly and squarely and you will never regret it. You shall see your, young elk, and your parents as well.

Wahpanosh mean good—speak truth—pale face and Wahpanosh friends.

And as she spoke, she put her hand on her breast.

She then took the line and led the deer away.

Now boss, let us pack up our things said Stop as we went back in our cave. These devils may want all we have here. I think we better take these wolf and bear skins to pack our dried meat in, they can have the old fox skin and the fish.

You are right Stop, but we must give them some idea what our guns can do, or they may become too bold.

To be sure Henry, keep your eyes well peeled, we can never depend on these savages, they are sly as a fox. If they see our power they will behave, but if they think us weak they will be tyrants.

The case among civilized people also, Stop. The strong, the rich, the bold, are in most cases well treated; while the poor, weak and scared are handled roughly.

So what can we expect from these. Take good care of the bible. Lay the shot here and the bible here.

The devil, here is our boat, said Stop. That ought to interest them. I can show them how to put it together and the girl can tell them. I dare say she speaks their language better than I.

Could we not use it? I asked.

No, Henry, it would make too much of a load.

In about an hour's time we had everything packed, and putting our pistols and hatchets in place, so as to have them ready should it be necessary to use them, we started out to see what had been done by Wahpanosh.

Say boss, broke in Stop, if it comes to shooting we must do so only one at a time.

Very well Stop! Ah! Here they are.

There at some distance stood the girl, and the Esquimaux all around her, listening to her.

She told them how she had met two strange people and when we had heard of their presence had sent these two deer. She also told that we were armed with lightning, and would come out to see them.

Just then they caught sight of us, and instead of rushing down upon us, they stood staring, without making a move.

Just then a kind of hawk came flying by. I raised my gun, took good aim and fired, the bird falling only a few feet from where they stood.

That was right, said Stop with a smile; they have enough. I do not think they want any more evidence, by their surprised looks.

Wahpanosh beckoned us to come closer, and we

marched forward with shouldered guns and heads erect as though we were a whole regiment of soldiers, and a few minutes later we were surrounded by these strange people of the arctic region.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Esquimaux examined us from top to bottom, with frightened glances at our guns. They picked up the bird and examined it carefully. They held it up and shook it, but when the bullet did not fall out they were awe-stricken. It was evident that such a case had never before been witnessed by them.

They talked together and danced around us, feeling of our clothes. Suddenly their dance ceased. They had noticed Stop's wooden leg and, stooping down, they examined it closely.

Wahpanosh stood quiet and watched their performance. She was as straight as a candle, and her eyes shone with a proudness which only one of her tribe could possess.

We were quietly examining the dogs and sled, at the same time laying plans for our escape.

What do you think Stop, I asked; will these heaven sent savages bring us safe to the American continent?

I don't believe that they come from heaven, he answered; they are too dirty and smell too strong; but their sleds are quite comfortable; but look here Henry, we must hurry and make arrangements, we have no time to lose, the summer is near at hand.

You are right Stop, I answered, and turning to Wahpanosh I asked her to interpret to the chief what I had to say.

Have no chief, she answered; talk like hogs, but Wapanosh speak what pale face wish.

She then bade them be quiet and with her as interpreter the following conversation took place.

Why have you come to this island?

For to fish and hunt during the summer, and then when winter again arrives to return to our home.

Where is your home?

In Akkoolee.

And where is Akkoolee?

One of them pointed towards the southeast, and Wapanosh nodded her head in assent.

Will you agree to bring us back to your home at once, and then show us the way to some place where we can meet some large ship and some of our people, on the condition that you get well paid for it. We will give you all what our cave contains, together with these two deer, with the exception of necessary provisions to carry us through.

We stood quiet, leaning on our guns, while Wapanosh explained our proposition. At the same time we were on the alert for any treacherous attack from them, as they showed signs of disagreement.

She don't seem to come to any conclusion in our behalf, said Stop. Look at that homely old woman how she shakes her fist.

They do appear contrary, the homely cripples. I expected as much, but we will not give in so easy, I answered.

Just then Wapanosh turned to us and said.

They have concluded to stay here till next winter; that

they know there is an abundance of both fish and game here; but if we would stay till they went, that they would agree to bring us to their home and then show us the way south. But could not be induced to leave now.

I want to go at once, I said sharply, but that I would agree to hunt a few days for them with my gun when we got to their home, but if we stayed here I could not allow them to hunt, as I claimed to be owner of the island and would need the game for our own keeping.

They said that they would talk the matter over, and withdrew a short distance, at the same time taking the two deer which they killed and began to devour before they were half roasted by the fire. The entrails were thrown to the hungry dogs.

Wahpanosh told us that she had caught a few words as they left, and that they would prolong the time in debating until it was too late to return, that is until the ice would begin to break up.

Very well said Stop, just what I expected. I did not like their looks from the beginning, they expect to blindfold us, but I will not live here one day together with those vile, dirty, ugly looking creatures. I will either leave today or see that they get out of the way — Wahpanosh you know these rascals, what is your advise?

Esquimaux eat like hogs—sleep like big snake—one—two—three—six hours. Give more to eat—sleep all day—when sleep pale face take dogs and sled, leave boat and cave—pay for sled—Wahpanosh bring pale face to big land.

Hurrah! shouted Stop, a good idea my girl, now to work boss, we have no time to lose.

Wahpanosh go talk to Esquimaux tell him taste pale face

fish—he say yes—hitch good dogs—go and fetch fish—eat—pale face take sled—get more—load up—away we go.

Ha, ha, ha! Wah, you are the queen of all girls, said Stop, as he rubbed his hand.

Wah, as we will hereafter call our Indian heroine, laughed also and stepped lightly over to the Esquimaux. They had all laid down by the fire except the man who took care of the dogs. He sat on a stone, whip in hand ready to quell them should any of them make a break for freedom. By his appearance it was evident that he had not received as much of the deer as his companions.

Wah spoke to him and asked if he would not like to see the white man's hut and get some more to eat. He could also bring some more along with him.

He nodded his head and Wah told him to hitch those dogs that were the least tired, and let the others rest; and to take the largest sled so as to load more provision.

He arose lazily and after some time he was ready and followed us.

Great was his surprise when he saw the sulphuric stream and noticed the hot water, and greater yet when he tasted it and made some of the most ugly faces I have ever seen.

He followed us into the cave. There he stood staring as though he was nailed to the floor. We gave him some fish to eat and also some to take back to his company; and after loading a considerable quantity onto the sled we started towards the Esquimaux.

You better remain here Henry, said Stop, and bring all our packages outside ready to load when we return. I will see that these fellows are well filled.

So I went back into the cave and a feeling came over me which I had not felt for a long time. I was again alone. Supposing this girl was a traitor, and would betray us, now old Stop was there alone. They would then murder him and I would be left alone to battle with them until my ammunition was again exhausted, and would be left to perhaps a worse fate than to be killed. But I have often been sorry that I should think so hard of a girl, with as pure a heart, and as faithful to us as she proved to be.

I raised my eyes towards heaven and offered a prayer, asking the Almighty to protect us and deliver us out of this place of bondage. Whereupon I hastily got the stuff out of the cave, and turned my steps towards my friend and would-be-rescuer.

I walked around the height which hid them from my view, but I stopped as soon as I could see them.

All the Esquimaux were on their feet and dancing, and kicking like madmen, while Stop was trying to imitate them as much as his wooden leg would permit.

I saw him motion to them to join hands and dance in a circle, which they readily did, and every time they would stop to draw breath he would pass a bottle from one to the other, also giving them more to eat, whereupon they would start to whirl around with great rapidity.

I saw at a glance what he was doing, he had taken a bottle of rum from his trunk, where he had kept it as a medicine in case of sickness, now he was using it as a remedy to effect our escape.

Poor ignorant people, I thought, you are enjoying your first experience with liquor, but I am afraid the result

will not be so pleasant.

Wah. sat quiet by the sled, her eyes constantly fastened upon the drunken group. The scene soon changed as one by one they commenced to drop to the ground till not one was able to raise.

Then Stop walked over to the girl and both got into the sled, she gave the signal for the dogs to start and they came rapidly forward, when they come to where I was they stopped while I got in and away we went to the cave.

While Stop and I were loading our provision. Wah. was feeding the dogs and looking after the harness, so as to have everything in good shape. I could not help blaming Stop a little for setting the poor creatures drunk.

Well now boss, he answered, if they would take to drinking on account of this you would have reason to lay the blame on me; but as it is they will perhaps never get the taste of liquor again. And you see I was afraid that they would not sleep long enough so I gave them a little rum, which perhaps will prevent any shooting.

We were well pleased with the outlook; Wah. handled the dogs with the greatest skill and we felt safe under her guidance.

After half an hour's hustling we had everything packed, the dogs were fed, and our weapons loaded ready for any emergency.

It was only shortley before dark, but even though it had been midnight I do not think we should have lingered one moment after everything was ready.

The last strap was fastened, Wah held the lines, and Stop and I crowled on top of the packages.

All ready? asked Wah.

All ready answered Stop, and now my good girl let us move.

Yes Wah. and may God be with us on this perilous journey.

The dogs being rested, they started off towards the sea as though they had only a few rods to run instead of miles and miles before they would get across the frozen ocean.

Say, Wah, are we not coming too close to those savages? asked Stop.

Don't fear—if they get up—no run—firewater make them fall

Do you see, Henry, that I done well in giving them a little dose? But I don't see the necessity of passing quite so close to them.

Best way -follow tracks to Akkoolee—straight ahead—not miss, answered Wah.

But Akkoolee is the place where these thieves come from. It will not be safe.

Sure safe—all gone—hunt -fish.

Ah! I see; but the tramping of these dogs will wake them. A little more to the right. There is one fellow trying to get up, and the dogs will bark.

Several of the Esquimaux were now raising their heads, and seeing what we were about, jumped up and commenced to yell and stamp their feet. Some were yet dozy and stumbled, but they soon recovered. The loss of a sled, 12 dogs and a girl that was evidently intended for a wife for one of their gang, was more than they would willingly let go.

Some began to hitch the rest of the dogs to the remain-

ing sled, while the others were sending a shower of arrows after us.

Oh! oh! said Stop, as an arrow glided across his arm, taking away some of the fur from his coat. This is going too far; if you want fight you can have it.

Stop, I said, laying my hand on his shoulder, as he was turning around and raising his gun, don't shoot these poor creatures unless we are in danger. We have done them harm enough.

Very well Henry, but they shall not take us alive and bring us back, that is all. I will not hurt them if they let us alone, but the rascals will catch us in a few minutes. See them come.

Shoot quick, said Wah.

Look here Stop, I said, let us try an experiment. Wah, let our dogs come to a standstill. We will let them come a little closer, then we will shoot one of their dogs. But if that don't stop them we will have to defend ourselves.

She drew up the lines and the dogs lay down. Stop and I got out of the sled and took aim. We both fired at the same dog and he fell dead. This stopped the whole gang. They seemed to recollect our strange weapons, which it seems they had not thought of when they first attempted to follow us.

Away we went again and this time without being pursued.

We soon discovered the correctness in choosing the track to Akkolee as the girl had proposed. It was now getting dark, and without the Esquimaux trail it would have been impossible to follow the right direction.

The dogs were going at a good speed over the level

sheet of ice. We went over rough and smooth without any signs of the dogs growing tired, until we had traveled nearly eight hours. Then they began to slacken and were only kept in motion by Wah urging them along.

Away we went, but still no sign of land ahead, and the snow was getting soft, thus making it harder for the dogs. All of a sudden we were in total darkness. We could not see the foremost dogs, and a few minutes later it began to snow very heavy. All trail was now lost and we stopped a few minutes for the dogs to draw breath.

How we now longed for the day to dawn. The dogs jumped up and started off with renewed strength.

What makes them so anxious, I asked.

Smell game, said Wah.

I thought I saw a fox jump close by us over there, said Stop; I am afraid they will break this kindling box at this rate.

Would it not be well to camp until daylight, asked Stop.

No, answered Wah, too much snow—get buried.

The girl is right, I said, Ah! it is clearing off, it will soon be daylight.

Gooh—mush—squa—too, said Stop, imitating the words he had heard Wah. use to urge the dogs forward as they were again going very slow.

The sun soon appeared in the eastern sky and we felt a warm wind blowing from the south; the snow was now melting fast and I saw the same wonderful change in the temperature as I had experienced a year previous.

As we still pushed forward, I was getting alarmed;

the ice was apt to break up any time and perhaps drown some of us, or separate us, to be cast on these lonely islands again. But I resolved to keep together, and if it was not possible to be saved, to all go down and not try to live in misery any more.

We soon halted, and our situation looked critical: before us was open water for a long distance, stretching right and left as far as we could see.

There was a dark object visible towards the southwest and we pronounced this to be the land which we so hard had tried to reach.

We were very hungry and got out some dried meat, upon which we made our breakfast, and after feeding some to the dogs, we started off again along the edge of the open water.

After several hours we came to what we thought was the end of the canal. The dogs were very tired and I suggested that we let them rest for a couple hours and then proceed towards the point of land visible in the far west.

I second the motion, said Stop.

No, no; no good, said Wah, ice melt fast—sun make air fire. One—two hours—all water, pointing to the ice underneath us—dogs tired—make go—must go.

There is some sense in that girl, said Stop.

I was about to make some remarks about her wisdom, when we received a shock that threw me down; my head struck a projecting piece of ice and I lay almost senseless for a few minutes. Stop was thrown off the sled, and when I arose upon my knees I heard the well-known sound of the ice breaking up.

The ice where we had stopped was suddenly tore loose and, whirling around a few times, began to move out into open water.

We are lost, groaned old Stop. I feel as though I had been knocked down by a cannon ball. Who would have thought the likes, to be drowned here like rats. This raft will not last long.

Keep up your courage my friend, I said, we will perhaps get out of this yet.

It is well for you to think so, and I tell you if we ever get home, we will not be caught up here again. But what are we to do? How are we to get out of this? The sled is of no account, the ice is breaking up, and this rocking horse is heading southward.

Ice not all broke, said Wah. Land near by. Steer this to land.

She outwits both of us Henry. But let us get to work.

We now began to work our raft towards the supposed land; but it was harder than we thought and made but slow progress. Our guns made about the only things we had in the way of poles, and these we could only use when we came near some other floating ice. Wah had succeeded in getting a piece of board from the Esquimaux sled, and with this she was paddling away, straining every part of her muscle to force the ice across the current.

As we were but little use, not having anything to use as a paddle we planned a sail. The wind had shifted a trifle and by arranging our guns so they stood upright, we tied a large hide to them thus forming a sail, which added considerable to our speed.

It was now getting dusk and as I stood watching the raft as it glided slowly across the blue water, I fell into a stream of thoughts that left all surroundings unnoticed. I thought of what I had gone through and what I had read about old Barentz, Cook and several other distinguished men, wondering if I should live to tell my adventures, when suddenly Wah's voice aroused me.

Pale face get ready.

What do you mean? I asked, as I looked around but could see nothing now it being nearly dark. But the faithful Wahpanosh had not been asleep and I felt ashamed of myself. She had already before dark noticed a large sheet of ice before us and as we were now approaching it she gave the signal to be prepared.

In answer to my query she said: Hard ice come—get into sled, go help one-leg take down sail.

Down with the sail old boy and get into the sled; land ahead.

Hurrah! shouted Stop, and in a few moments everything was ready. The girl went forward and watched when the raft should strike against the solid ice.

Glouk—Glouk—Glouk, shouted Wah. and jumping back she picked up the lines; the dogs understood her and were on their feet in a moment; they sniffed the air and as quick as we felt the ice touch, she started the dogs on a gallop and we were now being carried towards land at a rapid rate. Having been over four hours on our ice raft, the dogs were well rested.

Well done, shouted Stop, that is the way to do it.

We were now really nearing land; I imagined that I could see tree tops in the distance although it was dark.

I told Wah. to drive slow as we might strike against some projecting ice and perhaps break the sled or get thrown out. But she shook her head and pointed towards the shore, at the same time urging the dogs forward by using the whip.

Pale face hold fast, whispered the girl.

I strained my eyes to see what danger was facing us, and soon discovered that the ice had already parted from the shore about three feet; this the girl seemed to have realized long before we got there and was the reason why she was driving the willing dogs to their utmost speed, so as to gain this point before the gap should be too wide.

Her plan was to jump the channel; and depending on the sled being longer then the distance between the ice and the shore, she now laid the whip to the poor dogs harder then before.

But the ice was moving and as the dogs scrambled up the bank the rear of the sled went into the water with a splash, we were no sooner out of the water when we struck a snag and the sled was upset together with its occupants and all the contents.

Upon my word, said Stop after he had got his breath if this don't beat horse-racing, bull fights and all other notorious sports. Dogs were not made for horses anyway.

Let us not complain I said, we can thank these dogs that we are safely landed on some part of the American continent.

O well now, that is some comfort Henry, but if this is America it don't look one bit like what I have seen be-

fore. I saw long rows of houses, streets, and ships.

My dear Stop, America is a large country, it stretches almost from north to south, and is not all settled, it is a strange country, and stranger still we are now standing on its shore.

Good—big—land, said Wah, take rest—little bit—travel more—find house—one—two—six—ten—five.

Well that was a new way to count. I guess she would say her prayer like the boy said his multiplication table, but how far is it? asked Stop.

Long way—travel all day—rest little while.

But how my good girl I asked.

Lift sled up—make tent—dogs sleep—run fast tomorrow.

We then proceeded to rig up as she had suggested, and by the aid of our bear skins we succeeded in forming some shelter; and after taking refreshments we laid down, and being all tired out, we soon fell asleep.

I had slept about five hours, according to my reckoning, when I felt someone pulling my arm, which made me jump up. It was Wah, and she pointed towards the sun which was already quite aways up. I also saw that she had got Stop's flint and steel, and had a nice fire by which she was roasting some meat.

No time to lose—snow melt quick—then walk.

What do you say, girl? broke in Stop. Walk! as he lifted his wooden leg. Do we have to walk?

I did not answer. I felt thunderstruck at the thought, I knew that this walk would be impossible in this wilderness. A man of his age, and with a wooden leg, how could he walk?

I wish I had never been born, growled Stop, with tears in his eyes. I wish I could die, and then you could proceed.

Sh, sh, I said. He seemed to be getting more cranky and I was afraid he was nearing some sickness.

Old grayhair—good fr end—walk as far as he can—find boat—one leg sit in boat.

That is all very well my girl; but one leg as you call me, can walk but very slow. Can we not keep the dogs?

No—dogs hungry—eat us—keep them till snow is gone—till we get to other big water.

What! another sea yet? I asked, surprised.

She nodded her head.

But how will we get across that?

Find Esquimaux—canoe—make trade for sled, she said, laughing.

One more sea, groaned Stop.

This island big—water all around—one place not far.

My thoughts wandered for awhile. I thought of my studies in geography, and as the girl had said that this was a large island it must be that we were on the coast of Baffin bay, or perhaps that she had meant Baffin bay or one of the straits that connect it, when she said that we should cross another water.

Did you cross that other water in boats, I asked.

Yes—one—two times. Esquimaux travel far—from where the sun set—big tribe.

But do you intend to go west? I thought we should go south.

She nodded again.

Why, Wah?

Large stones—small stones—all stones—nothing to eat—nothing to drink—die, she said, pointing south.

You must know better than we Wah, and we leave everything to you. So you expect to reach another sea?

Yes—large water—make canoe—find one—keep guns—Esquimaux fight—eat prisoner—big tribe—shoot.

Upon my soul, if that isn't a grand bill of fare, said Stop with a grin. Another ride on the sled, a trip in a canoe, then another walk across an Island, a fight with Esquimaux, a robbery perhaps, then a long voyage. If this won't be a five year job for my old wooded leg I will eat it up.

Nonsense, Stop. One more winter may pass, but that will be all, with the help of God.

Young paleface correct—one winter—big bear lake—rest—fish and then down lake of the woods—my home. said the girl as she put her hand to her breast to show that her heart ached for home.

These blessed dogs are done eating, said Stop, as he arose and walked over towards the sled, and five minutes later we were again going at a rapid rate in about a west, southwesterly course.

We put up for the night in a deserted Esquimaux hut, where we found some whale-oil, which was of great value to us. We fed this to the dogs, as our supply was getting small, and without food it was impossible for them to stand it very long. According to Wah's advice we took a long rest, and next morning we started off again with renewed strength on the part of our dogs, and renewed courage and hopes on our part.

As nothing particular occurred, I will only remark that

we saw a good many sunsets before we reached the other water which Wah had referred to. This we found yet frozen so as to carry us, and we ventured out on the ice once more. We could not make very great headway as the snow was soft and melted fast; but after a long tedious ride we came in sight of several fires which Wah declared was an Indian village on an island.

CHAPTER XV.

We stopped at some distance from the island and Wah explained that there was about 120 huts in this village, and that they were friends and relatives of the people we had met on my island. She also suggested the following:

Young paleface well—old one-leg tired—better rest—go to the village—afraid of gun—no hurt paleface—big ships come herē—Indian squaw—go alone to red man's wigwam.

Wahpanosh! we will not listen to this. We have promised to see you safe at your home and will do so. We will not stay here and let you go alone. We will fly together or die together. What do you say Stop?

To be sure, we must keep our promise she has been faithful and without her aid we would have died before we got half ways. No, no, Wah we will follow you to your home, and when you are safe with your father and mother we will depart.

Paleface is a man—his voice is sure as the hunters arrow—his color is white—but his heart is red—and Wah, is very happy. A bird is singing in the forest—calling Wah to his nest—the voice is very sweet to Wah.—but there is a long way between us—and Wah will never forget

the pale face brother that saved her from the Esquimaux.

Musgwash is a brave warrior—his wigwam is empty—when that is full he will be happy—there will be no more clouds before his eyes—and he will see his pale brother—Wah. has heard what paleface said and it is all good.

I am pleased to hear that you are satisfied, you are the happy lark, that always sings, I said.

No, she answered blushing, pale face not call Wah singing lark—has singing lark—home—in big land.

Thank you Wah. I said I will call you sister.

Yes, sister—very well—Wah pale face sister—what now?

We leave everything to you?

Old oneleg also?

Follows the boss.

Esquimaux island big—night come soon—no moon—lay on the island one—two hours—then go—Esquimaux come—then fight.

As you choose Wah. we will obey orders.

Wah. told us to get into the sled again, and retreating a short distance until we lost sight of the village, she swung the dogs in a different direction, and galloped along for some time. We came to a halt on a narrow point of land extending out into the water and which was nearly free from snow, here was clear water as far as we could see, and Stop sighed as he said. Sleighing is gone, what will become of us.

Plenty canoe—village close by—Wah. go and get, Kayak (the name of a large Esquimaux boat, while the smaller ones are called Oomiak) lend gun.

But I will go with you, I said. Stop can stay here and take care of the sled.

Wah nodded her consent and took Stop's gun without saying a word.

We then started with all the carefulness of a spy. We passed around towards the south, as Wah told me that the Esquimaux would be fishing between us and the village.

The ground was very rough and in some places so soft that it was hardly passable. Green sprouts of different kinds of vegetation could be seen all around us.

Wah went along with the quietness of her race, while I followed closely, clutching my gun, and reflecting upon the result of our undertaking. I had never shed human blood, and I prayed to God that I should not be compelled to take the life of any of these poor savages, whose property I was now in the act of stealing. I knew the value of one's own life, and also knew that they valued theirs as high as I did my own. There was no excuse for my action; it was deliberate stealing. I felt as though I could have made a bargain with the Esquimaux and given them something in exchange for a boat. But in that case I would be compelled to give up the girl who had so faithfully guided us away from my lonely island in the far north, and whom I had promised to deliver to her folks providing she would show us the way. I owed her more than a father's protection, and resolved not to give her up before we reached her home, come what may.

We had gone about two miles when Wah stopped short. Sh, Sh, she said, as she laid her finger on her lip.

What is it?

Nothing—seen something—must stoop down—creep like snail—follow.

We thus crept slowly along until we came to a point where the Esquimaux village was again visible.

Hm, she said as she beckoned for me to come closer.

My heart beat heavily and my eyes became blinded as I neared her, fearing that something dreadful would happen.

See! she said pointing down towards the village.

I looked in the direction which she pointed out to me and saw several Kayaks and Oomiaks near the shore, but too near the village to get at them unnoticed.

But the Indian girl knew more than I did and she had already laid her plans. She bade me remain where I was, and told me to defend her from this point in case of an attack after she got into one of the boats.

She laid the gun down and moved along without making the least noise. I watched her as long as I could, but soon she disappeared and I was left alone. I felt a chill creep over me, as I stood motionless watching the spot where I expected her to come out to the boats.

We were now all separated for the first time since our departure from my island. I thought of different dangers that might befall Stop before our return. What if some of these savages were roaming about and should find the old man alone, without anything but his pistol to defend himself with. And perhaps the girl would be surrounded and once more be made prisoner, thus leaving me alone in a worse place than on my lonely island. In fact I felt anxious for old Stop, the girl and for myself. I was beginning to get very restless, when suddenly I saw the bushes part and Wah quickly stepped into the boat, took an oar and shoved off.

I stood Stop's gun up against a bush, clutched my own tightly and waited. But so quiet had she moved along that her presence had not been noticed, and in a few minutes she was near where I stood. She motioned with her hand and I stepped out near the waters edge ready to board the boat as soon as she laid by.

Paleface—quick—get oneleg, she said.

I laid the guns down and took an oar. We had about a quarter of a mile to row before we would be out of sight should anybody from the village come down to where the boats were. It was therefore of the utmost importance to pass this distance as speedily as possible.

Meanwhile old Stop had stretched himself out on a couple of bearskins. He had laid one hatchet by his side and put the other in his belt. Then he filled his pipe and enjoyed a good old smoke. And as he thus lay he began the following soliloquy:

All this is very strange, Mr. Stop. Are you sure that it is correct? How is it? Am I hear in this cold region or is it a dream? I don't understand. No! First I land on an island; there I meet Henry, God bless him. Then this Indian girl. Now Stop, is this girl good enough for him? You had better find this out. No nonsense. There is Fanny at home crying her bright eyes out for his sake. No sir, I cannot allow it. Don't be false, Mr. Henry, is Stop's advice. He does seem to show love for her. He is young and she is young and love is natural at that age. But Henry is as well as married and so is Wah. Besides he is white and she is red. No, this won't do. He would then have to turn trapper and live in the woods. Well as to living in the woods he is used to that now. But I

cannot allow it for sweet Fanny's sake, that's all. This is really a nice robbery. Two children like them set out to steal a boat. It may go alright up here, but other places it would not be so easy. Suppose it was in England. But then it can't be worse than stealing dogs and there I had a hand in it myself. Ha! ha! ha!. And the old fellow laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. (And how I laughed the first time he told me about it.)

When he had wiped his eyes and opened them he shut them again. He thought he was dreaming; so he opened and shut his eyes several times. But still the same was before him.

There stood four Esquimaux armed with bows, arrows, spears and knives; some raising their spears and others snapping their bows, while they pointed to the sled and then towards north, and made signs which Stop soon understood.

You are liars! shouted Stop. Do you dirty, crippled rats mean to say that I killed the owner and stole the sled? No, sir, I did not kill them, and when I took the sled I left them a boat and several other articles of value in payment for it.

The Esquimaux shook their heads and came closer, one of them picking up the hatchet that lay by Stop's side and turning to his comrades they examined it very closely.

Stop took the other hatchet and clutching his pistol he waited.

When you get done examining that toy, be kind enough to return it, said he after a short pause.

They turned towards him; one of them began to talk

and all the time making signs towards the dogs and sled; when he had finished, he pointed to the hatchet and put it under his arm and reached out his hand as if to close the bargain with a hand shake.

Aha! I understand, said Stop. We have, as you suppose, killed your friends, stolen their dogs, etc. But you are willing to call it square if I give you the hatchet; this is a fine fix to be in, and the boss is not here. Very well, I guess it is safest for me to consent, but I wish they would soon get out of here or the whole tribe will be on our back.

Stop then made a motion that they could keep the hatchet when they noticed the one in his hand. One of them made a move forward to secure that, but Stop jumped up and swinging the hatchet over his head he shouted.

No sir: you thieves, this is mine and I intend to keep it, you git or you will feel its edge across your skull.

The Esquimaux hesitated, but they were four and their opponent only one, with no weapon that they could see but the hatchet. They prepared for battle. And as they raised their spear Stop drew his pistol, and stepping back he stumbled over the sled.

The Esquimaux yelled and came forward to get the valued prize which Stop had dropped in his fall. But he did not lose his presence of mind and fired his pistol, direct into the face of the foremost Esquimaux. Almost at the same instant two more shots rang out and three of the Esquimaux tumbled to the ground, while the fourth took to his heels as fast as he could.

The dickens, said Stop as he arose, this is a nice affair.

Quick—no talk—work said Wah. as she rushed forward and took the scalps of the three death Esquimaux before I could get there to prevent it.

We now unloaded the sled and put everything in the boat. I left one of our hatchets on the sled as a present to the Esquimaux or rather as payment for the boat.

Stop and I were already in the boat, and Wah. was about to join us, when we saw that we were being pursued. A number of savages came yelling along the bank, while several boats could be seen at a distance of about three hundred yards, evidently hoping to cut us off while the ones on shore would attack us from the rear.

Wah. grabbed an oar and we all began to row as hard as our strength would allow. But we saw plainly that the boats were gaining on us, as there were only one or two in each, while ours was loaded heavily.

When we got about one hundred yards from shore, Wah. dropped her oar as she said, no rum—but fight.

She picked up the bow and arrow which she had taken from the dead Esquimaux. Stop and I examined our guns and pistols. We were now only one hundred yards or so from the boats and in ten minutes more they would have captured us, had we continued to row. This the girl well knew and chose the time for battle as soon as we were out of reach of those on the shore.

We were prepared, and resolved to fight till the last drop of blood had flowed from our body. We would not be taken alive.

Say, boss, my sight is not as good as it used to be, whispered Stop, you had better do the shooting while I load, as

you know we must not waste powder. Every shot must count.

Very well, I answered, at the same time raising my gun. But I had no more than got it to my shoulder when I lowered it again.

The men had all stopped rowing except one old man in a very light canoe, who was coming towards us, making signs which Wah declared to be their flag of truce.

When he was near enough so that we could hear him, he began to speak. I pointed to Wah and she at once questioned him as to what they wanted.

He said they were sorry that anything should happen to disturb their friendly feeling towards the white men. They had been well treated by the people that came in the big ships, and were willing to forgive us and be friendly again, providing we would consent to the following propositions: First, that we should give presents to the widows of the men that we had killed; and second, that we should deliver to them the Indian girl; also the dogs and sleds which they knew we had stolen even though we had not harmed their companions in any other way.

I answered that I would not under any consideration give up the Indian girl, and that I could not comply with their first request as I had nothing to give. But we would leave the dogs.

Wah told them what I had said. The man made a sign to his companions which was answered with a yell from the whole gang; at the same time a shower of arrows were raining down in all directions. It was evident that I could not avoid battle any longer and must defend myself. I raised my gun and fired, handing it to Stop, and

taking his gun while he loaded.

I had thus fired four shots into the crowd when they turned and fled towards shore.

We then took to our oars and rowed out upon the open sea, soon losing sight of the Esquimaux village and its inhabitants.

After three hour's hard work rowing we found ourselves at the mouth of a small bay, into which we entered. The banks were very rocky, but further back the land was level, with green grass, plants and flowers growing in abundance, a very enjoyable sight indeed.

We landed, and after taking some refreshments we held a council as to our further proceedings. We were, as I afterwards discovered, on Melville island.

Well, Wah, I said, have you been here before?

She nodded.

When?

Taken prisoner—and brought to Akkolee.

But how did you come?

In canoe.

But not along the shore, I said, pointing to the water's edge.

No—carry canoe on land—other big water there, she said, pointing towards the west.

Do you know what boss? This is blind navigation. According to my idea now, it will take half a century to get out of this forsaken country. We must be in among a thousand islands, growled Stop.

What is your intention now, Wah? I asked.

Pull canoe—make sled—one—two sticks—find river—go down—reach big water.

Well, well. A strange way of sailing. Never saw the likes. So we must draw this boat. I never expected to turn horse, but I suppose it must be so, said Stop.

It is the best way my friend. Without her I do not see what we should do I answered.

It is well you think so Henry. Some people are satisfied with things that others are not. What are you going to do with those whalebone, Wah.

Make sled, she answered as she tried two long whalebone under the boat, which she had taken from the inside. We got up and helped her and after some fixing we had changed our boat into a sled. We then laid down to rest.

After a long sleep we ate our breakfast and then started out on our journey.

Wah and I took turns in drawing the canoe, Stop having enough to do to take care of himself.

We moved along quite rapidly at first, the ground being smooth and nothing to hinder us, but it soon became more and more rough and rocky, till at last we were compelled to carry our boat.

We were a sorrowful group, scarcely a word was spoken, I can see us yet climbing the rocky hills, where not a sprout of vegetation was visible. Stop with his gun strapped to his shoulder and ascending slowly, sticking his knife into the cracks, thus being better able to ho'd himself. Wah and I lifting and pulling away at the boat.

Sometimes I would have to ascend first, taking a piece of rope with me which I would then lower, and Wah would fasten it to the boat, then she would lift and I pull until

we got it up. We were all tired and weak, felt more like lying down to die than anything else.

We were without water for four days, and our provisions were nearly used up.

At last by creeping on hands and knees we succeeded in reaching the top of the rocks, and to our joy saw at the foot of the hill a sea, and a short distance to the right was a stream, with an abundance of green grass along its banks.

This gave us renewed courage, and although we could hardly move we managed to get the boat down to the water and rowed into the mouth of the stream where we landed and laid down on the green grass to rest.

I soon fell asleep but was awakened by Wah who stood by my side pointing at Stop.

He had taken his gun his hunting bag, and his hatchet, and laid them over near me, then he had taken off his wooden leg and laid that under his head, he lay outstretched as though he was dead.

I tried to get up but could not, had it come to this, after so much suffering, that we should die on the banks of this unknown stream?

I am done. I can not go one step farther, groaned Stop. I have taken off my wooden leg and am ready to die. Mr. Henry, you must go on, do not wait for me. I am old and worn out, while you are yet young and can reach home. I can not get my leg on anymore and might as well die here as anywhere else.

Stop, I said, hardly able to speak, don't make me worse than I am, am almost dead now and if you speak that way I will never get on my feet again.

Oh, what, he said as he arose in sitting position and

commenced to strap on his leg again. The boss sick? well Stop will wait, he can always die. But no nonsense Henry if you die what shall I tell your father and mother, and the dear little Fanny?

And the old man wiped away his tears as his weakness compelled him to lie down again.

I explained to Wah the reason we were so weak. That our constitution was not strong enough to stand the hardship and suffering which we had undergone in crossing the rocks of Melville island. Not having had much to eat for several days, and very little water; and what water we did get was very poor.

So there was but little hopes for us ever being able to leave this place; as it would take several days, with plenty of fresh meat and vegetables together with good spring water, before we would be able to get up; I told her to take the canoe and proceed on her way home; and leave us to make the best of our situation alone.

She knelt down by my side, put her hand on my forehead, and said.

Sick—two—three days rest do—good—lay still—Wah hunt—fish—find vegetables—paleface never talk more—about Wah shall go. What has Wah done that pale face speak so. Wah never leave pale brother, me die once—great “Manitou” shake his head—send Indian squaw back if—she—leave her—friends—no—young—paleface be still.

She then took my gun and some fish hooks, jumped into the boat and rowed up stream.

There we lay on the ground, helpless and shivering, although Wah had covered us with hides; our ankles were

swollen, our heads were aching and in fact everything else seemed to be ailing us.

This is what we get for poking around in an uncivilized country growled Stop; here is nothing to do, no honor to gain, and no pleasure either. Oh! Oh!

What is it Stop? I asked, not able to look at him.

I don't know, pain all over, sleepy alas, and he lay quiet.

I also fell into a slumber when I was awakened by Wah coming near; I saw at a glance that she had not been successful.

No game; no fish, she said slowly, as she sat down by my side.

Never till my dying day shall I forget the tenderness with which she cared for us the following night, when we were nearly dead; and how she bathed our burning foreheads with water. She refused to take the least rest and sat up with us all night. And when we had both fallen into a quiet slumber she had taken my gun and gone off again in hopes of procuring some food.

The sun was just peeping over the mountains when I opened my eyes and saw Wah come hurrying along the bank with a deer on her shoulders. She threw it down by the fire and proceeded at once to dress it. She cut slices of meat and roasted them by the fire, then she broke the bones with our hatchet and made a kind of broth from the marrow which she gave us to drink.

We swallowed the long wanted food like a pair of hungry wolves, and after a little felt strong enough to sit up.

Wah smiled as she saw us improve in strength, and gave us more meat and broth until we bade her stop. W

had several times told her to eat, but she seemed so pleased to watch us eat that she would not touch any until we had had enough.

Why girl! where have you been? asked Stop, as he pointed to her torn moccasins and bloody feet.

Poor Wah, why have you not attended to your sores before?

The girl smiled, Then she arose and went down to the stream to bathe her feet, which she afterward greased with deerfat; and when she had mended her moccasins she lay down to take the long-needed rest.

We all went to sleep and how long we slept I do not know; but when I awoke Wah and Stop were still sleeping.

I stretched myself and sat up. I felt considerably better, so I got up and stirred the ashes, finding scarcely coal enough to start the fire again; but after some time I had the fire going and put some venison to roast. I had nearly enough for a meal for us all when Wah awoke, and seeing me she jumped up and took the sticks with which I held the meat out of my hand.

Why did you do that? she said, vexed. Squaw work.

But you was tired and sleepy; I would not wake you.

Never mind that, she said. Squaw work—no work for warrior.

Well, boss, how do you feel? said Stop, as he rubbed his eyes and rolled over. I feel much better. That soup was just fine. My upper story was a little out of order, I guess but I am all right now. I think I can walk again.

Not walk—canoe, said Wah.

So much better, my girl. So you are also stronger, Henry? It pleases me to hear it.

Everything O. K. Stop, I answered, as I proceeded to help Wah get the boat ready for our journey; and after eating a hearty meal and cutting up the rest of the deer, we left what I have always called the bay of sickness.

It is needless to describe the tiresome voyage, how we rowed along the shore and stopped to take rest, and how we passed several days without food or water, rowing around among several islands looking for game and fresh water.

I will thus pass over three weeks of our journey, when we found ourselves at the mouth of a large stream which we entered and continued to follow until we reached Lake Congecathawhachaga.

Wah now explained to us that our enemies were numerous. We were now surrounded by different savage tribes. Esquimaux, Copper Indians, Hare Indians, and Dog-rib Indians, some of them having guns which they had received from trading vessels that entered the Mac-Kenzie river nearly every year.

We rowed across the lake and up the Hood river until we reached Contwayto, where we took a long rest.

CHAPTER XVI.

Our journey was now perilous, the river flowing between high hills, and the current too strong in many places, thus compelling us to land several times and carry our canoe past waterfalls, etc. Thus we travelled for several days when our guide informed us that we must leave this stream and cut across the rocky hills that lay

before us; but we must first catch some fish as there was no game to be had until we reached the other side.

We succeeded in catching as many as we could carry, which was rather a small quantity, as we had to carry our boat and other articles; so we started on our tiresome journey and finally reached the top of the hill after several days of hard labor and scarcity of food and water.

We camped over night in a hollow between the rocks, and when we awoke the next morning we could see at some distance another stream, which we reached towards evening on the fourth day, and Wah told us that we must row down stream.

But that will bring us towards the ocean again, said I.

Not go all the way down—go past Esquimaux town—then go ashore—carry canoe again.

This is blind navigation said Stop shaking his head; where are we going? I don't know, does the boss know? you say Wah knows, very well then if you are satisfied I suppose I ought to be.

So we got our boat into the water and went aboard; we did not have to work very hard at our oars here as the current carried us along, so we took a rest, only steering, and now and then increasing the speed by a few pulls.

We traveled a couple of days in this manner, when we came to a place where the river widened and became almost a lake; here Wah told us we were to pass the Esquimaux town and that we must be very careful.

We rowed along, when we suddenly discovered a number of huts and a large crowd of Esquimaux loitering near the shore.

Ugh ! said Wah pointing at the numberless crowd.

Say boss, here is an army, said Stop. I think we had better retreat.

No, no, whispered Wah, not run—Esquimaux—catch us—make them—afraid by shooting.

On the opposite side of the river from where the town lay, was a very high bank, here Wah said we would have to land, and bending low we steered our boat towards a few bushes which grew at the water's edge.

After thus rowing for about half an hour we were within 300 yards of our landing, when Stop raised his gun and shouted, "they have seen us!"

No shoot—row, said Wah, as she pulled harder on the oars.

I looked towards the Esquimaux town and saw them crowding towards us in boats, men and women, all howling and whooping like mad men.

Yell away, you idiots, shouted Stop, we are not so easily scared. Haul away, boss.

We soon reached the point where we intended to land, and hauling our boat out of the water, we carried it up the steep bank.

Wah told us that we must fight, and I stationed myself in shelter behind a bush, while Stop got down behind a rock. Wah took her position on top of the rock and motioned to the Esquimaux not to come any nearer.

But they did not heed her warning, but came steadily forward, armed with spears, bows and arrows. There were about 300 boats, with only one man or woman in each. They were now only about 100 yards from shore.

You are nearest Stop, said I, shoot over their heads and make them halt.

Don't be alarmed, he answered, but I will let them know that our weapons are loaded.

He raised his gun and fired. As he was a good shot, he could pick anything he chose, and the foremost Esquimaux was minus an oar.

This stopp'd the whole gang. They crowded together and I noticed a great many European weapons, such as hatchets and large hunting knives.

Wah stood up and held the following conversation with them:

What do you want? she asked.

Who are you? said one of them, very much surprised to hear their own language spoken.

A friend of these two palefaces that comes in big ships. Where are the big ships?

Far away from here.

What do these men want here?

Hunting and fishing.

Very well, Esquimaux hunt for them—come to wigwam—we have large canoe and white wigwam also.

Palefaces are in a hurry—must go back and join their friends, and cannot stay with you here.

A long pause followed, in which they seemed to converse in a whisper. Some pointed up stream, others down, and some straight towards us.

They are preparing for battle, said Stop.

And true enough, he had no more than spoken when part of them started down stream, some up stream, and the balance came rushing towards shore.

We fired immediately and loaded again without caring for the result of our first volley, as our only hope was to scare them before reaching the shore, the number being entirely too large for us after they were once on land.

We fired several times in quick succession and several bodies were floating down stream, while others had turned back for fear of our deadly weapons, but the most of them were crowding forward, evidently bent on avenging the fate of their dead comrades.

Fire once more I said, and then it will be hand to hand, ten against one.

I am prepared, whispered Stop, ramming down the bullet with rapid strokes.

Just then the Esquimaux reached the shore and two were a little in advance of the others, but paid dearly for their quick movements, as our weapons were once more emptied and both men went backwards into the stream.

The rest came pushing forward, and as the landing was very narrow they were compelled to come in couples.

We had not had time to see what Wah had been doing. She was a little to one side of us and directly above the landing where at least twenty of the Esquimaux were now on shore and climbing up the path by which we had ascended.

But she had not been idle; she had foreseen the result in case that our bullets should fail to drive the Esquimaux back.

The rock upon which she had stood was loose and was only held up by several smaller ones; these Wah had carefully removed and stood waiting for time to act.

Just as I turned to see where she was, I saw her take

her tomahawk from her belt, and using it as a pinch-bar, she loosened the rock from its resting place. I knew her plan at sight, and closed my eyes; a yell from the crowd below told me that her undertaking had brought destruction to their number, and when I opened my eyes there was not an Esquimaux to be seen on the shore; the rock had carried every one down into the water together with several more who were in the act of landing.

It was a sight which I shall never forget, such wholesale slaughtering of human beings; it makes my blood run cold when I think of it.

Some were killed, others were drowning, while those that were not injured fled towards their huts.

Now is the time to fly, I said. Let us get away from this horrible place,

Sh! sh! whispered Wah, as she came close to me and pointed down stream.

I looked. A few rods below where Stop stood I saw four Esquimaux creeping cautiously towards us, partly hidden by some shrubbery.

I notified Stop, and I had no more than spoken the words before his gun was leveled, a report, and a wild yell from three of the Esquimaux mingled with each other while the fourth one lay outstretched upon the bank.

I followed Stop's example and one more had to bite the dust, but the other two came rushing forward.

Ugh! said Wah as she sprang forward like a panther and swinging her hatchet.

In less time than it takes to tell it, Wah met the two men.

Keep back girl! shouted stop as she sprang past him; this is the medicine for them. In one hand he held his pistol and in the other his knife; not being only a few feet for them Stop soon attacked one while Wah wrestled with the other. Wah's opponent had a spear, while Stop's had a European hatchet.

I rushed to their assistance, at the same time loading my gun, but as I could not get the cap on without looking down, I had to take my eyes from the scene of battle for a minute, only to feel my hair raise and a chill creep over me when I looked up again.

Stop lay on the ground alongside of the Esquimaux, both motionless. Also Wah was thrown to the ground, and her opponent stood over her with raised spear, but seeing her shining hatchet he stooped to pick it up. This action of his saved Wah's life and cost the Esquimaux his; before he could strike the deadly blow I fired. I saw him fall, I knew he was dead; I saw Wah rise up, but my first impulse was to rush to where my old companion lay.

Speak to me Stop, I whispered as I bent over him, shivering with fear lest he might not be alive.

We have won the battle he answered, but he was full of muscle, the dirty rascal, I can smell him yet. My wooden leg saved me this time. I shot him with my pistol, at the same time he struck at me with his hatchet. I tumbled and he struck my stub leg which is none the worse for it, but I am nearly tired out. Well how many is killed?

Too many Stop, too many, but how could we avoid it, nevertheless this is no place or time for reflections, we must move on, can you get up?

As I took the old mans hand to help him up, Wah came near us and whispered.

Must go—quick—Esquimaux no fight now come again after they talk together.

We then gathered our weapons, shouldered our boat, and started up the mountain side without taking any rest, although we were very tired.

We found it very rough and were compelled to travel slowly although we were anxious to get along faster, especially after looking back we saw a small party of Esquimaux following us.

To our great surprise we were entirely cut off from further advance by a very high cliff; we were therefore compelled to turn aside, and following a sort of path which had been formed by Deer or other wild animals we found to our dismay that it led us towards the same stream which we had just left, only some distance away from our bloody field of battle.

But there was no other outlet for us, we had to continue. We soon reached the bank of the stream, and found there the wreck of an old boat, built by some of our own countrymen (so Stop claimed), also a bag with decayed flour, a piece of oilcloth and five rifles in the bottom of the boat.

What in the name of heaven is this? I said. Have some of our countrymen perished here?

It looks like it, answered Stop, as he took out the guns and began examining them; up yonder come those dirty rats after us, I motion that we remain here and if we have to die in this forsaken wilderness, let it be near these people's graves.

I consented. And a close investigation showed that

the guns had been fairly well protected by the now rotten oil cloth.

They were quite rusty outside but as they were loaded we determined to try them on the advancing Esquimaux. So we cleaned out the nipples put in fresh powder and a new cap, then laid them down on the ground with muzzles a trifle elevated and pointing directly towards the path where we expected the Esquimaux to make their appearance.

We then attached a cord to the triggers so that all five could be pulled at once and made it long enough so that Wah (who was to operate this battery) would not be in any danger in case any of the guns should burst.

We had no more than got our apparatus in working order before we heard shouts and barking of dogs in the direction whence we had come.

Presently the Esquimaux appeared yelling and howling in the most hideous manner; armed with bows, spears and tomahawks.

They came rapidly and when they got inside of our rifle range I motioned to Wah and at the same time we raised our guns; there was a loud report and a cloud of smoke which made it impossible to see for a few minutes.

When it finally cleared away we could see several bodies lying on the ground, and the rest retreating faster than they had advanced.

After examining the rifles we found that one had failed to go off, one was bursted, but the other three had done good service. These three we tested and the best one was

given to Wah, who now looked as though she could fight a whole tribe.

We could not camp here, so we went a little ways along the bank and then turned off again towards the interior of the island. We had not gone far when Wah shot a deer, which under our present circumstances was very welcome; and finding a suitable place we prepared some of the meat and ate a hearty meal, whereupon we lay down to rest, Wah taking the first turn to keep watch, as we did not all dare to sleep at once.

After we had rested, and had our breakfast, we proceeded to cross the mountain; but finding it very rough and in some places dangerous.

Two days later we found ourselves on the other side of the rocks and at the source of a small stream into which we placed our canoe and began to row down. Along the shore was a kind of berry very much like the American raspberry, which we picked and ate in great quantities and found them very refreshing. We also found some wild ducks which we could approach so near as to kill them with stones.

We finally reached the mouth of the stream and found ourselves rowing out into Great Bear lake.

CHAPTER XVII.

I was well pleased, as I expected to row for some time, thus giving Stop a chance to rest. He was very tired and looked as though he would go under any minute. I was getting afraid that his strength would give out entirely and that the hour when I must bury him was near at hand; I told Wah so while Stop lay in the bottom of the boat asleep.

But she shook her head and declared that we would all get out of this place alright; and she spoke with such a feeling that it encouraged me considerably.

The wind was very strong and we were compelled to keep close to shore; finally we landed and stayed till the next morning; when we decided to cut across to a point of land which was barely visible.

The third day we reached what I thought was cape McDonald; here we landed and took refreshment and rest.

All the next day we rowed along, until towards evening Wah laid her hand on my shoulder.

What is it? I asked frightened, as I knew something was up.

Redskins, she answered.

I must admit that my heart began to beat harder, as I looked in the direction she pointed; and noticed a light smoke among the trees.

What race is this? I asked.

Don't know—maybe Dogrib indians, or Hare indians.

If it is Dogrib indians, what then?

Fight or fly, she answered with a look that told me how she felt. Dogrib—hate—my—race—take Wah to—their wigwam—Wah rather die.

Then we must row out farther perhaps we can escape them.

Very well, she answered, as she pulled harder at her oar.

We were about half a mile from the point where the smoke arose, and by rowing out into the lake we were in hopes of passing without being seen.

But in about ten minutes our calculation was brought to naught; we heard a yell, and saw two canoes shove off

filled with armed Indians, we could see their spears, and Wah claimed that one of them had a gun.

Perhaps he has, I answered, but I doubt him having any powder, as traders don't come here very often.

The girl remained silent, and pulled away at her oar with renewed vigor; it was evident that she felt more afraid of these savages than she had been of the Esquimaux with which we had had so many conflicts.

But are these redskins not friendly towards the white? I asked, don't they oftentimes hunt for them?

Yes—when pale face—many, when only few—kill—dog rib like—kill—no friends—Chippewa friends—go to Ft. Norman—Cumberland—Dogrib—nasty—dirty.

I saw her excitement at the thought of falling into the hands of this tribe, that I gave up all hopes of making friends with them.

Stop was asleep in the bottom of the boat, and I laid my hand on his arm and gave him a gentle shake.

Well, well, sir; what's up?

Pirates, in hot chase; guess you will have to take an oar also, I answered.

Where are they?

I pointed towards the two canoes.

Ugh! those red rascals; are those some of the Dogrib Indians Wah has mentioned so often? Haul away boss; I think the three of us can teach them a lesson in rowing.

We commenced to row with all our strength, and as we were by this time pretty well used to our boat, we sent it across the water with a rapidity that seemed to astonish our pursuers, or at least showed them that to catch us

would require more skill than they were in possession of. It did not require much of an expert to see that we made two rods to their one, and they soon gave up the chase.

We continued to row along until we could see no more of the Indian camp; then we turned towards shore and ran into a little bay at the mouth of a small stream where we landed.

I started off to find some game before it should get to dark, leaving Wah and Stop to prepare a place to camp over night, as we could not proceed any further on account of hunger and need of rest.

I was very lucky and soon brought back a nice deer which Wah at once proceeded to dress and prepare for our supper.

She had chosen a very secluded spot between a thick growth of small trees and close to a large windfall. Our fire was very small so as not to show any great distance; and I found that she had, with all the cuteness of her race, pulled the boat out of the water and hidden it so that it would be impossible for any one to see it.

We ate our supper without saying a word. Whereupon Wah hid our guns under the large wind-fall, and bidding us good night, she crept cautiously along the trees to some place unknown to us. She was very nervous and acted strangely.

The girl is very restless, said Stop as we laid down near the fire, or rather where the fire had been, as we did not keep up a fire as we should have done had we been somewhere else; but we had covered the few remaining coal with some of the ashes.

Very much so, I answered, she suspects trouble, and if

we were not so completely tired out, I would leave this place at once. But let us not go to sleep, and get up as soon as daylight appears in the sky.

I lay still for some time, watching the few stars visible between the treetops, and thinking of our suffering and hardships, and of the home that I was striving so hard to reach; when everything suddenly darkened and I imagined myself in England. I had fallen asleep and Stop was already snoring before my eyelids were closed.

After some time, I do not know how long I awoke; the moon was shining brightly and as I opened my eyes, I saw, one, two, three dark figures sneaking towards us; and one stirred up the ashes to find coal.

I sighed, was it a dream? no it was natural; I was awake and we were surrounded by Indians.

To arms! I shouted, as I made an effort to jump up, but sank back entirely lost. It was too late. Stop and I were already bound hand and foot.

Some of them kindled the fire with a few small coal and as the flames arose, one of them saw the balance of the deer I had killed; he drew it close to the fire and they all shouted with delight.

Then they commenced a sort of jibber among themselves which sounded more like so many geese than human beings. One of them pointed to three of his fingers and then at us, showing that we were only two.

This somewhat puzzled them but after a short consultation they evidently decided to put off the search for the third party till morning, as they began cutting up the deer and laid it near the fire.

I had often read about these savages and how they en-

joyed torturing their captives, and consequently was prepared for the worst; such as being burned at the stake by a slow fire, which I considered to be as hard a torture as could be produced.

They seemed to be very much put out about something as they looked very cross and ugly, and pointed towards me with a sign, that made my blood run cold.

Stop's gray hair and wooden leg seemed to save him from too severe usage; they only tied him to a tree in a standing position.

But I was young and had to taste their merciless and inhuman treatment.

They took two young trees, bent them together, and placing me between them they cut the cord that had heretofore held my legs, and tied one leg to each tree; my hands were likewise dealt with and then they let go of the trees.

Never, in all my sufferings, had I felt anything so painful! I could feel my hands swell and my shoulders ached as though they were being pulled from my body. The cold sweat rolled down my face, my eyes seemed to crawl out of their sockets, I saw visions of all sorts, and then everything darkened.

How long this lasted I do not know, but when I came to myself again I saw old Stop watching me with a painful look, while seven Indians were sitting around the fire devouring our venison.

I felt very thirsty; and I thought I was nearing death; but no, there was still some impression on my mind which whispered hope, and I sent a prayer to the Al-

mighty to either shorten our time or send a rescuer to relieve us.

After those greedy savages had eaten as much as they possibly could get down, they examined our cords once more and then lay down by the fire and went to sleep.

Water, water, I whispered.

I can not move, groaned Stop. That girl has disappeared, and we are done for. These rascals will kill us. Mr. Maynard I only wish I could press your hand once more before we die.

Stop, I can not believe that the brave girl has deserted us, she will do some good for us yet.

I hope so, he said, and we both remained quiet. Our situation was terrible. There on the ground lay some of the worst savages known, and we were their prisoners, not able to move.

But what is that shadow appearing from behind the windfall.

It is Wah with a shining knife in her hand. She steps over the tree without a sound of any kind. She kneels down by the nearest savage. I knew her intention and wanted to close my eyes but could not. She laid her hand over his mouth, at the same instand the knife was in his heart.

A low gasp and the indian had passed to his happy hunting ground. One of the others raised his head slowly, but as Wah had dropped back against the windfall he did not see her; and when he seen us still at our post he lay down again.

In a few minutes Wah reappeared; this time she had

the three guns, and stepped across to us, so easily that not one of the redskins awoke.

She quickly cut the cords that bound me; and I would have dropped to the ground like a stone, had she not held me up and let me slide easily down. She soon released Stop, and gave each of us our gun; but I was unable to hold mine up, so she laid it on the ground, and stood motionless for about fifteen or twenty minutes, to give us time to get our blood into circulation.

But as I felt that I was of no use in a battle and could only crawl, I turned towards the boat.

Where are you going, whispered Wah, stamping her little foot on the ground and pointing at the Indians.

One of the savages stirred and quick as a flash she fired, leaving him where he lay for good.

The rest jumped up in wild excitement when Stop's gun went off and one more bit the grass. Wah snatched up my gun and fired; a fourth Indian threw up his hands and fell to the ground while the balance fled into the darkness.

Wah quickly reloaded and followed them for a short distance; but not catching sight of them she returned, and rekindled the fire.

No—more Dogrib—Indian she said, with the old ringing laugh. Redskins—got—plenty.

She had killed three men but it did not seem to affect her feelings in the least.

I watched this wild and uncivilized girl with awe. She had saved our lives, but the means she had used were terrible. Stop did not worry over the dead, any more than she did, but wished that they had laid all seven redskins

at their feet.

Wah brought us some fresh water; and made some soup from the bones of the deer. It may seem strange to the reader that soup can be made from bones; but many a trapper in the wide forests has saved his life by making this kind of soup; by crushing the bones with a hatchet, the strength of the marrow boils out and makes a very fine dish.

After eating the soup I fell asleep and did not wake up until Wah called me. The sun was shining brightly and we prepared to leave this place of torture.

We soon got our boat out and with thankful hearts we rowed once more out into the open waters.

After three days of navigating along the shores of Great Bear Lake we found, in the afternoon of the third day, something which looked like buildings some distance ahead; and as we were generally a safe distance from shore, we could not see exactly what it was. But we continued to row until we were directly opposite, and after satisfying myself that there were no Indians I turned the boat towards shore.

Great was my surprise when we came closer and discovered a long low building about forty feet long and twenty wide, and a smaller one on each side. They looked quite deserted and wrecked, but by close examination we found that it would not be a very hard job to make one of these quite comfortable.

They stood on a sandbank about fifty yards from the shore and about twenty feet above the level of the lake.

In the rear, at a distance of about two or three hun-

dred feet, was a growth of small trees which would give a good supply of fuel.

This was Ft. Franklin; here some of our countrymen had spent the winter only a few years previous, and here we decided to spend the one which was near at hand. We could not expect to reach civilization, nor even Wahpanosh's friendly tribe before winter and it was better to stay here than to be snowed in on our journey without shelter of any kind. And we were so completely tired out that there was but little courage left to proceed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

We now brought our supplies from the boat to the large building, where we at once set to work making preparations for our comfort; which we considered a much easier task in about 65 degrees north latitude than it had been at 75 degrees the previous winter.

The building was divided into two compartments; the largest we divided into three rooms, one for Wah to sleep in, one for Stop and I, and the third for daily use; we also arranged the fireplace so as to give warmth to all the rooms.

As soon as we had this completed Wah proposed to make a raft out of some pieces of timber which lay scattered about the buildings; this raft she wanted to use when she went fishing, as it was more solid than the boat.

So while Stop and I prepared the raft, she cut up some skins into small strips and formed them into a sort of net; and as soon as her little scow was in the water she set out a short distance from shore, lowered her net, and was very successful.

She caught a large quantity of herring and perch, which Stop helped to clean and dry or smoke them as they saw fit; while I became the hunter of the party.

But I made a very poor one for some time, as the fright which those torturing Indians had put me in kept me from venturing very far from our camp.

We were compelled to stay inside for four days on account of heavy rain, which was very new to us.

After this several deer were seen, and I succeeded in killing three, which added greatly to our store of provisions.

We also gathered a large pile of wood which we stored in other buildings.

A large snowfall put us in mind that winter was at hand, and about ten days later the lake was covered with ice. I remember it was the 12th day of October, when we were compelled to keep a fire all day. The birds were all gone and everything looked lonesome.

But Wah declared this to be the best time for fishing, so we made holes in the ice and using two nets we caught a great many; these we left out in the outer room where there was no fire and they froze hard and kept so until spring, thus making a change from the dry or smoked.

More heavy snowfalls, that compelled us to stay indoors for several days as they were accompanied by high winds and increasing cold.

But when the sky became clear again and we ventured outside we found the snow hard enough to hold us up most of the time.

This was a great help to us as we had to gather more wood for fuel; not having enough to last all winter.

So we made a sled whereupon we could haul home quite

a large log: and putting it inside, we could thus put up a supply and when stormy weather kept us indoors we would cut it up into short pieces as was required.

We arose about eight o'clock in the morning, ate breakfast, and if the weather was fine would make an attempt to catch a few fish or hunt a deer; then we would return to dinner between twelve and one.

The afternoon was spent in gathering fuel and preparing the fish or game which we had procured in the forenoon; as we seldom missed getting something of a kind.

Then we would eat our supper whereupon I read several chapters in the bible. And as Wah was anxious to learn I undertook to teach her, which I found easier than I at first had thought it would be.

Stop would grumble and draw deep sighs, when I sat, sometimes for hours and tried to impress upon her some of the religious ideas, and most of all to know the difference between right and wrong; not knowing why he acted so queer until one day he said.

Now look here Mr. Henry, what is the use to try to get those religious notions into this poor wild girl's head, who is to marry a heathen, like herself, and who would think it an honor to take your scalp if he got the chance?

My dear Stop, I find it my duty to enlighten this young girl as much as possible under the present circumstances.

Young girl! yes young girl—that is it; and you are young too.

I stared at him for some time without saying a word; what could he mean. Did he doubt my honesty? Did he think that I had forgotten the dear soul way back in England?

But as my attention was drawn to something else, I did not answer him nor did I question him as to the meaning of his words.

Towards the latter part of November I sat in the Fort repairing my moccasins, Stop was making a new wooden-leg which he called his new ship that was to carry him home in the spring; together with other jokes which he would pass off.

I was just going to answer one of his jokes, when Wah came running in, with wild staring eyes, and an excited countenance which I had never seen before; it made me jump up, and grab my gun without knowing the reason.

Dogrib Indians, she said, as her eyes met mine and changed from the wild look to a loving twinkle which I had never seen there.

Those red scoundrels, shouted Stop as he followed me out.

When we came outside of the door, we saw at only a short distance about thirty of these torturing, blood-thirsty redskins, whom we all dreaded to meet, coming in a line towards the fort.

We at once leveled our rifles and motioned to them not to come nearer, at the same time calling to imaginary people inside the fort to come out and fight.

This action of ours brought them to a halt, and after talking together a little while, an unarmed man came towards us motioning not to kill him.

When he came near enough so that he could be heard, he commenced to speak in a jibber which I seemed to recognize as the same that I had heard that dreadful night when I was being suspended between two trees.

Finally he ended his speech and Wah told us that they were hungry, wanted something to eat and to live in the fort with us.

I objected to this and told her that we would not give them anything, and furthermore that every Dogrib Indian who came inside my rifle range would die, unless they once retreated.

The man threw up his hands in surprise, when Wah told him what I had said.

He then commenced to preach in a very sorrowful tone, saying that they had hunted for the white chief who built this fort, and had showed his men how to catch fish in the lake; that they had been on very friendly terms with them and were very sorry to find us so heart-hearted now when they were hungry.

I bade Wah explain to him the torture we had been put to only a few moons ago, and that we did not trust them in our fort; but if they would promise to stay away we would give them some fish, and that I would hunt for them the next day; but only on the conditions that they would at once leave and send a couple men after whatever I might be able to shoot for them the next day.

I watched the man closely while Wah spoke. He made some very ugly remarks when she told him about the killing of some of their men; which, of course, we were compelled to in order to make our escape. I thought, by the expression he made that they had come for revenge, and held my gun in readiness should he make the least sign to his companions.

But when Wah was done he turned and went back to to the crowd; a wild yell from them when he had spoken

made by blood run cold; I felt sure of another bloody battle.

I was not long in this state of anxiety, as the same man was seen advancing with signs as before; he said that they had decided to accept my proposition, so Wah went inside and brought out the promised fish, which he took, and they went away.

Next day I succeeded in killing two deer, which they came after and we never saw any more of their gang.

Along in the month of December the days were getting so short that we could not hunt much, there being only about five hours daylight, so we had to live on mostly fish; we had, however, saved a nice piece of venison for Christmas. We spent that day reading in the Bible, and discussing several subjects about which I had read, and also talking about how we were to spend next Christmas which we had good hopes of spending in England.

Days passed by and nothing occurred, except a visit by two Hare Indians. They both carried guns and seemed very friendly; but I did not let them come inside, as I did not care to have them around very much; and the sight of Wah might arouse the feeling which is so common among these northern tribes at the sight of a Chipewewa squaw.

In the beginning of February Wah saw tracks of an elk; and as we had lived on mostly dried fish for some time, we were determined to try our luck.

So, early the next morning Wah and I started out; the snow was soft and made it hard traveling, but we pressed onward for four days (spending the nights without fire) without yet having seen anything of the elk.

On the morning of the fifth day we ate our last morsel of food, and were so tired out that we could scarcely move. Still we determined to advance a little farther as the tracks were very fresh, and to go back without food would be impossible.

We had spent the forenoon, but had not got very far when we saw our game standing under a few trees to our left; he was within range and we both fired.

Instead of trying to escape he came forward with long jumps; it was evident that he was heavily wounded or he would have fled instead of showing fight; and I expected to see him fall every moment.

But before we realized it he was upon us; Wah jumped behind a tree and proceeded to load, but he caught me and bore me down with his antlers, and was in the act of jumping unto me with both forefeet, when Wah. fired, she had aimed well and the poor creature fell down lifeless.

To clear away the snow and build a fire was our first act, whereupon we cut off several slices of meat and almost devoured it before it was roasted. We then prepared our huts, put more wood on the fire, and lay down to get the much needed rest.

The next morning we felt much stronger and after eating another hearty meal we rigged a sort of sled upon this we loaded our prize and started back towards the fort, which we reached after an absence of eight days.

Poor old Stop was nearly dead with grief, as he had given us up for lost; but soon recovered when he had some of the meat, and talked to us to be sure we were there.

About the middle of April, the snow began to melt and as the temperature was warm, we made preparations for our departure. But we were badly fooled, as cold weather and more snowstorms soon appeared again so the month of May found us yet in possession of the fort.

It was about the first of June. The weather was warm, our boat was in the water, Stop was taking a nap, and I was packing together some hides convenient for transportation. Wah was catching a few fish when suddenly she dropped her line, picked up the fish and came towards the fort.

She came straight to where I was, and laying the fish at my feet she sat down with the following question:

Why go away? there is game in the woods—fish in the lake—birds in the air

Why go away, I said with surprise, wondering what she meant.

Henry brave warrior—Stop old man—long ways to travel—Henry stay here—hunt—Wah fish—live good—big land ours.

My dear girl, I said, think of the hard winter here, and so far away from our friends.

Why—big land—good—if too cold—go to Great Slave Lake—build wigwam—hunt—fish—become trapper—big warrior—paleface sharp eye.

I remained silent for some time, I was so surprised that it took me a fully half hour before I could regain my speech. I knew what she meant; our long travels together, and my refusal on several occasions to give her up to these barbarous tribes, had aroused a feeling in her which she was now trying to explain. She wanted me to

become a wild trapper and take her for a wife, as others of my countrymen have done.

I at last took courage to speak. I am a paletace and must go back to the land of palefaces; where I have a father, a mother, and a girl that is to be my wife when I return.

Are you sure of that? she asked dryly.

I am perfectly sure; she is my father's niece and lives with him in my home and is waiting for me.

The pale squaw—is very pretty, she said mournfully.

Not any prettier than you Wah. They are white, but you are pretty in spite of your dark color.

Why not take Wah then—Wah make good squaw—build fire—hunt—fish—do all—make warrior happy—Wah no like red warrior now—paleface better—no whip—squaw—no let her die in the woods when old—Wah has heard paleface and it is good.

Wahpanosh, I said, as I took her hand. I have a brother's love for you; but my heart is given to another. A paleface can only have one squaw, and I can not give up Fanny. And I am no warrior, I only fight when my life is at stake; I hate killing, and wish I never took a man's life.

I feel very thankful to you for your guidance as I am sure that without you we would never have got this far; and I shall never forget you. I will send presents to you and your tribe when I come back to my people.

Wah will not go back to red man's wigwam—her skin is red—but her heart is white—paleface reading in the big book has blinded her eye—she cannot see Indian—

Manitou more—but will go and live in big house with paleface—Wah has spoken.

She then arose and walked slowly towards the boat; where she picked up her line and resumed fishing.

I knew it, said Stop when I told him. It is too bad. If she had only taken a liking to me instead. I am a free man and although rather old would not have hesitated. Ha, ha, ha, well there is no sense in it anyway.

That same evening we packed all our stuff and the next morning we left the fort.

CHAPTER XIX.

We were a happy group as we left our winter quarters and rowed along the coast for some time, until we came to the mouth of a river which we entered.

We had planned our route as follows: We would follow this stream for some distance, then cut across land to Mackenzie river, thence to Great Slave lake and Lake Athabasca, across to Winnipeg where we expected to meet friends.

It was a very long journey, but we had stood so many hardships that we felt sure we could reach our destination.

Wah was as usual, and Stop and I had gained considerable strength, so after a few days' sailing we landed, and started on the old way of navigating on land, that of carrying our boat.

After spending several days and nights in the wilderness, we reached Mackenzie river, but pretty well tired out. We, however, rowed along its banks until we found a suitable place to camp.

We landed near a small clear stream which proved to be spring water and thus supplying us with fresh water; here we took a good long rest before we proceeded.

It is needless to explain in detail the many weeks spent in rowing up the Mackenzie to Great Slave Lake, as nothing of any particular nature happened.

We landed a great many times to rest, or to hunt, often spending two or three days without finding any game.

When we reached Great Slave Lake, we rowed along its coast for some distance, when we discovered a river which we thought would bring us towards Lake Athabasca, consequently we pushed up stream, and after several days hard rowing we found to our dismay that we were being carried in a wrong direction, the river continually bearing farther and farther northward thus bringing us further from our course.

We then concluded to start again on foot in the direction we supposed the stream was, that would lead us south.

After about a week's travel carrying our boat or dragging it as we found most convenient we reached the banks of a very swift stream; but as we were very tired we thought it advisable to go down this for a short distance at least, and after taking refreshment and rest we embarked once more.

But had I known the result of this voyage beforehand I would gladly have traveled afoot all the ways.

We went down stream very rapidly, and must have sailed a good many miles when we came to a short bend around which we were whirled so suddenly that we would all have been thrown into the water only for Wah jump-

ing into the water and dragging canoe and all to the shore.

We now built a fire to dry the girl's clothes and also to prepare our meal; after this was completed we took a survey of the river below and saw a waterfall only a few rods from where we had been on the point of capsizing.

It would thus be necessary to carry our boat past the fall, and as we were not quite rested from our last journey on land we concluded to stay where we were till the next day; but Wah declared we had better move on, she felt very uneasy; there are times when a person's instinct seems to tell of coming troubles, and it appeared to be natural for her to foretell when we were in immediate danger.

We therefore resolved to let her lead as she often had done before, and started towards the boat; when Wah suddenly stopped.

Ugh, she said as she pointed towards some small bushes near the shore.

I looked and saw a redskin creeping on hands and feed in the direction of our boat, evidently bent on stealing it.

The report of Wah's rifle rang out over the water, the indian sprang up with a yell and tumbled backwards into the river.

To the boat! shouted Stop, as a warwhoop from a dozen or more indians sounded from the woods to our left.

Be quick whispered Wah as she reloaded her gun, at the same time moving in the direction of the boat.

I turned face about and raised my rifle, for if possible, to keep back the indians long enough for Wah to loosen our boat and assist Stop into it.

The Indians were coming towards us with rapid strides,

but the sight of my gun slackened their speed for a moment.

I was retreating as fast as I could, still facing them, when another warwhoop rang out, and they made a rush, evidently with the intention of overpowering us before we could get away.

I fired; one indian went to his happy hunting ground; but the rest came forward without noticing the one that fell.

Stop and Wah had now reached the boat and called to me to join them, at the same time emptying their weapons at the now furious redskins.

I turned and a few jumps brought me to the boat and we shoved off. Directly below us was the waterfall, although it was not very large it was doubtful that our poorly constructed craft could cross it without being crushed to splinters.

The current was too swift to go up stream, and directly opposite us were high rocks which were impassable; but if we could cross over perhaps we could lay under the cliff and keep up a continued fire until all the Indians had been picked off by our bullets or driven back.

This we concluded would be our safest course when Wah pointed to the top of the rock. Her sharp eye had caught the painted face of three redskins lying low behind a few bushes, eyeing us with the greediness of a panther waiting for the moment when they could spring upon their prey.

What shall we do? I asked trembling.

God have mercy on us added Stop.

One-leg lay down in boat—young paleface—tie guns

here—save powder from getting wet—be still as—little mouse—no move—or all drown—said Wah as she turned the boat directly towards the waterfall.

What do you intend to do? I asked.

Go down the fall, was her only answer.

I looked at her, as she stood there; erect as a lofty pine, not showing the slightest sign of excitement. She had lost her cap and her long hair was waving with the wind. I could not but admire her coolness and quick thought; and wishing that I could only possess half of her wit and sharpness.

A wild yell from the Indians rang out, as they noticed our intention. And we were on the point of crossing the fall when, ah! what was that shot, and what was that painful cry, where did it come from, who was hurt; everything was lost from my view, I was wet and where was I? All this flashed through my mind as I was being carried over the waterfall; and a few minutes later I found myself lying on a sandbar in about six inches of water.

I arose, I was alone; I looked around. A short distance below I saw Stop crawling out of the water and going towards some dark object farther down. I thought it looked like the canoe bottom side up.

But where was Wah? My eyes ran searching in all directions, but no girl was visible. I started after Stop, and when near enough I called out to him.

Where is the girl?

The old man looked around; Is she not with you?

No, I answered.

I feared as much, he sighed; then it is her, yonder

clinging to the boat.

I understood it all now; that shot had been fired by one of the Indians, and from her had come the cry, just as we capsized and went over the waterfall. She must be wounded or perhaps dead.

I hurried to the spot. There she lay clutching the boat and a deadly pallor overspreading her face.

Defend the pass, she said in a low whisper, defend the pass, Wah no dead yet—young paleface—take all guns—go defend the pass.

But my dear girl, what pass? I asked, as I turned the boat over and helped her to a sitting position on the shore, putting my coat on a rock against which she laid her head.

Go, defend the pass—quick Wah see—paleface—brave warrior.

I took a view of the situation; directly opposite the waterfall was a narrow path along the rock, about thirty feet above the water; and Wah declared that was the only way by which the Indians could reach us.

I then took the three guns and started towards the pass; I had no sooner got within good rifle range of the place, when I heard shouts and laughter.

Presently the troop came in view; the three painted warriors in the lead, and one of them carrying a gun.

They had in some way unknown to us, got across the stream above, and joined the crowd that had given us the chase. But they evidently all thought we were dead, as they showed no signs of being on the lookout.

I fired at the foremost, he fell backward, and as the path was only about a foot wide, he took several more

with him down the precipice into the rushing stream below.

There was a general stampede; I fired into the excited mob twice more, and I saw everyone of the Indians go over into certain death.

I turned back without the least pity for any of them, they had robbed us of our guide and I felt a kind of hatred towards them which I never had felt before nor after; not even when they had me hanging in midair.

When I returned I could see by the expression on Stop's face that our trusty friend was nearing the grave.

She was drinking a lot of water which Stop had brought for her.

The bullet had struck her shoulder and glanced into her lungs.

Welcome Henry, she said as she reached out her hand. How many Indians have gone to to the hunting ground?

All, I answered, as I knelt by her side. But do not think of that, you are about to die, you have not many more hours to remain in this sinful world; you must think of your own salvation now.

Her eyes lost the wild look of hatred which she had evidently felt towards the tribe who had thus caused her pain; her face changed and looked as innocent as a child.

Henry, will we meet up in heaven? she asked, softly.

Yes, my girl; by the help of God we shall meet there.

Tell me all, then. Tell me about Him who died, as you say, for red, black and palefaces.

I looked at Stop; tears were flowing freely down his cheeks, his hands folded as in prayer; he also knelt by her side; and for nearly an hour I explained to her everything

as best I could. I read to her from the Bible, and finally ended by folding my hands and saying a quiet prayer.

Henry, she whispered, learn me to pray.

I shall never forget the feeling that came over me when I noticed how changed this child of the wilderness was, and I prayed aloud; she repeating every word of it with a solemnity, that I was sure she prayed from her heart.

As we finished a few dead bodies floated by.

Poor people, she said, they knew no better.

I looked at Stop and we both cried aloud.

Henry, she whispered, faintly, lay my head against your shoulder.

I did as she requested.

Good-bye Henry—good-bye Stop—cry no more—where is the cloud—I—I—cannot see you, Henry—God—bless you.

She closed her eyes and drew her last breath.

We had better bury ourselves here also, said Stop, with a sigh; we have lost our best friend.

We have lost a trusty friend indeed, Stop; a friend who has by her continual watching saved our lives a great many times, and a friend which I shall never forget. We will bury her tomorrow like a Christian.

By the help of God, Amen. said Stop as he wiped away the tears.

I examined the boat but it was of no more use; it was a total wreck. All we had now was our guns and a few bearskins, one of these we wrapped around Wah's lifeless body; and as it was nearly dark we started a fire but did not prepare anything to eat, as our sorrow was too great to allow us any appetite; but we dried our clothes, and then prepared to spend the night watching over the dead.

I read several chapters in the bible, by the light from the fire; and as night wore on we became very sleepy.

We then put on more fuel and lay down, not caring whether we ever awoke again or not; as we felt that without the shrewd indian girl for a guide and without the boat, would be impossible to get much farther.

But the hand of providence that had been held over us so often, was still protecting us, and we awoke at the first dawn of daylight on the eastern horizon.

Everything seemed so strange without Wah's pleasant voice calling us to breakfast. which was generally the first we heard when we awoke. I could not quite realize what had happened until I arose and saw the lifeless form of her, lay wrapped up as we had left it the evening before.

The incident of the forgoing day now came back to my mind;

I knelt down beside her, and offered a prayer for her soul as well as for ours.

There was a large pine tree standing all alone only a few feet from where she died; and at the foot of this we proceeded to dig her grave.

But as we had no spade nor shovel it was a task which required considerable time and labor: still we were determined to bury her enough so that wolves and other animals should leave her rest in peace.

After we had dug a sufficient depth we laid her down in; and took the wrecked boat which we turned bottom side up, and laid this as a cover over her.

We then filled the grave, and finding a lot of stones we piled these on top of the grave to preserve it from being

trampled upon. Whereupon we left the place and wandered down stream not knowing where we went.

It is not necessary to describe the next thirty days any further than that we continued dragging ourselves slowly along the banks of this river, half starving and often wishing that we had laid down to die along side of the Indian girl's grave.

We were getting so exhausted and broke down that we could no more hunt anything to eat; and after starving for nearly a week we were ready to lay down, not caring what become of us, when we suddenly discovered a flag flying over a fort only a short distance away.

What little strength there was left was now gathered and after another day's suffering we arrived at the fort where we were fed, clothed and nursed with the greatest care.

They not even asked who we were or where we came from, until ten days after our arrival when we had gained enough strength to sit up, and told our story. A story which they hardly could believe.

But we proved the truth to them by explanations of different tribes and places with which some of them were acquainted, and they advised us to remain until they were going over to Ft. Williams, from whence they would get passage for us to England.

We consented, and it was in this fort that I dotted down most of the incidents of my journey, in the sweet hope of once more seeing my beloved friends and native land.

Here ends the adventures of another arctic explorer.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

We will now explain to the reader how things went on in Plymouth. It was a hard blow to them when Henry left on a voyage which so many had attempted, but had failed. But they still dwelt in the hope that he would return and all would be well.

Mr. Maynard rode down to his place of business as usual, but not with the same bright and intelligent look; he was very sober and seldom noticed people as they passed.

Some accused him of being too rich and independent, others that he had too much business and that it was very foolish for his son to always be traveling instead of remaining at home and take the burden from his aged father's shoulder.

Mrs. Maynard and Fanny often spoke of Henry when they were alone, and were also very sober. They would sometimes inquire of old Tim Stop how cold it was, and if there were many storms up north, etc. He would tell them tales of his adventures as a sailor, and make it as easy as possible, so as not to give them more anxiety than necessary.

Time passed, and only once did they hear from the departed ship.

Some one reported that they had hailed them in the month of August and all was well on board.

These news sounded pleasant but were not encouraged long. One winter passed, summer came, and at the end of this season he was to be back. Mrs. Maynard and Fanny were already preparing the bridal apparel.

But what had become of old Stop? He had disappeared without saying a word about going, and no one knew of his whereabouts. Where could he have gone? They advertised and questioned all over, but no Stop was to be found.

They were in the dining room one evening, and Fanny had just rung the bell for the servants to bring them light and some tea, when they heard footsteps coming up the path, and a moment later there was a rap at the door.

Fanny went to open it, and there stood Captain Shipton.

Where is my son? asked Mr. Maynard as he arose from his chair.

My boy! shrieked Mrs. Maynard, as she fell over and fainted.

Where is Henry? said Fanny, as she went to Mrs. Maynard's assistance.

The captain raised his hand and wiped away the tears.

Captain Shipton, said Mr. Maynard, after they had brought his wife to again and laid her on the lounge; what news do you bring? I see by your actions that they are not good news; speak out, I am prepared for the worst.

Captain Shipton now related in brief the story which our reader is already acquainted with, and said that after a long and unsuccessful search they had given up all hopes and returned. He also told of meeting a vessel with old Stop on board, and that when the old sailor heard of Henry's misfortune, he was bound to press farther north and said he would not come any more unless he found Henry.

When the captain had finished his story, Mrs. Maynard and Fanny were crying. Mr. Maynard sat with his

elbows resting on his knees and his face buried in his hands.

For some time nobody spoke. At length Mr. Maynard looked up and extending his hand to Captain Shipton said: I have no doubt you have done your best, and I do not blame you in the least; but it is my desire that you go back and renew your search; draw on me for anything you need for the voyage. Steer straight to where he was lost and visit every island within your power, and try if you can bring any news to the effect that he is still alive.

So Captain Shipton was again headed northward and nothing was heard of him for a long time.

It was now a sorrowful group at the Maynard mansion. There were no more parties, no more enjoyment of any kind.

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Maynard were dressed in mourning; and when Fanny came down to breakfast she too had put on a gown of black.

Mrs. Maynard took her in her arms and said. My dear child have you also given up all hopes?

I found this in my room and felt like wearing it, she answered sobbing.

Very well, my girl said Mr. Maynard, we have not given up all hope yet, but this dress is becoming to persons who have as good reason to mourn as we.

Time passed by and the ship, on which Stop had left came back with the news that they had found an island with signs of some one inhabiting it, but failed to find the person or persons. And that Stop felt sure it was Henry; so he stayed there, but the early approach of

winter had crowded them south and thus hindered them from visiting the island again.

This news was not very encouraging, but there was yet a spark of hope. Captain Shipton would surely find this island and if Stop had found Henry, they might have managed to live there until Captain Shipton should arrive.

It was a long time before Shipton returned. When he came he had some tidings of the lost.

He said, that they had found the island, and that it was inhabited by Esquimaux, and that they had complained about two white men who stole some of their dogs and a sled; and had also taken with them a young Indian squaw, whom they had taken prisoner in a fight with the Chippewa tribe.

This was still more encouraging, and Mr. Maynard was quite sure that they had reached the American continent, and in that event, they would soon return.

But days, weeks and months passed, and still no sign of them, nor did they receive any more news as to the whereabouts of their beloved boy.

So the hope that they had dared to form, died away; and Mr. and Mrs. Maynard often wondered if the story of Henry going away with an Indian girl, had not given Fannie a deadly blow.

She grew paler as time passed; even Mr. and Mrs. Maynard looked older than the advanced years could have caused.

It was a pleasant afternoon in the month of October, that Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, together with Fanny and a

young man by the name of Markham, went out for a walk.

Mr. Markham was Maynard's head book-keeper and tried his best to win the fair lady. His visits to the Maynard mansion became more frequent and Mr. and Mrs. Maynard seemed well pleased with his company; they did not know of anyone whom they would sooner see in their son's place, than this promising young man. And as Henry was without doubt lost, they looked forward towards the time when Fanny would be sole heir to a vast estate.

Fanny accepted Markham's attentions merely as a friend. She had noticed her uncle's and aunt's kindness towards him and guessed their feelings.

She was very thankful to them for the hospitality shown her, when her parents died; and tried to return the kindness in every possible way. But yield to their wishes in regard to Mr. Markham she never would; she had not given up her first love, and even though he was dead she could never forget him.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard had sat down on a bench, and the young couple stood a short distance from them conversing.

Miss Fanny, said Markham, Mr. Maynard advised me this morning to talk with you about the future; he was kind enough to say that he thought I would make you happy.

Has he given up all hopes? said Fanny, with a deep sigh.

It seems natural enough that he should.

Well, I have not, and never—Ah! who is this? Henry!

Henry! And she darted towards the house as if shot from a cannon.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard arose when they heard their long lost mentioned; and yes, there he was, coming up the path towards the house, accompanied by old Tim Stop; although he wore a full beard, it was without doubt their son. Yes of course it was him.

They saw him open his arms when Fanny met him and lifting her up he kissed her time and again, whereupon he came forward to meet his parents.

No pen can describe the scene that followed, and from which Markham withdrew, going into the house where he sat down to attend to business correspondence. He was the only one at the Maynard home that did not rejoice.

So you knew me? said Henry, after the crying and kissing had somewhat ceased and they had started towards the house.

Immediately, answered Fanny; how manly you have grown.

And what a lovely woman you have become.

But where is the Indian girl? asked Fanny suddenly.

Henry looked at Stop and then at all the rest as though he was unable to answer.

Don't look so scared, added Fanny, smiling. I mean the Indian with whom you fled from the island.

Ah, her death was the most sorrowful event of the whole journey, said Stop, as they both wiped away a tear.

But, by the way, how did you find out we were in company with an Indian girl? asked Henry.

They told of Captain Shipton's visit to the island; and everybody entered the house where they all listened to the story of our young Crusoe, and which he was often called upon to repeat.

There was great joy now at the Maynard mansion. Mr. Maynard stepped more briskly into his office the next morning, and Mrs. Maynard became younger looking; her old time jokes were again heard.

Timothy Stop became the hero of the place and often had to tell the story of his search, and how he had fought hand to hand with Esquimaux, etc.

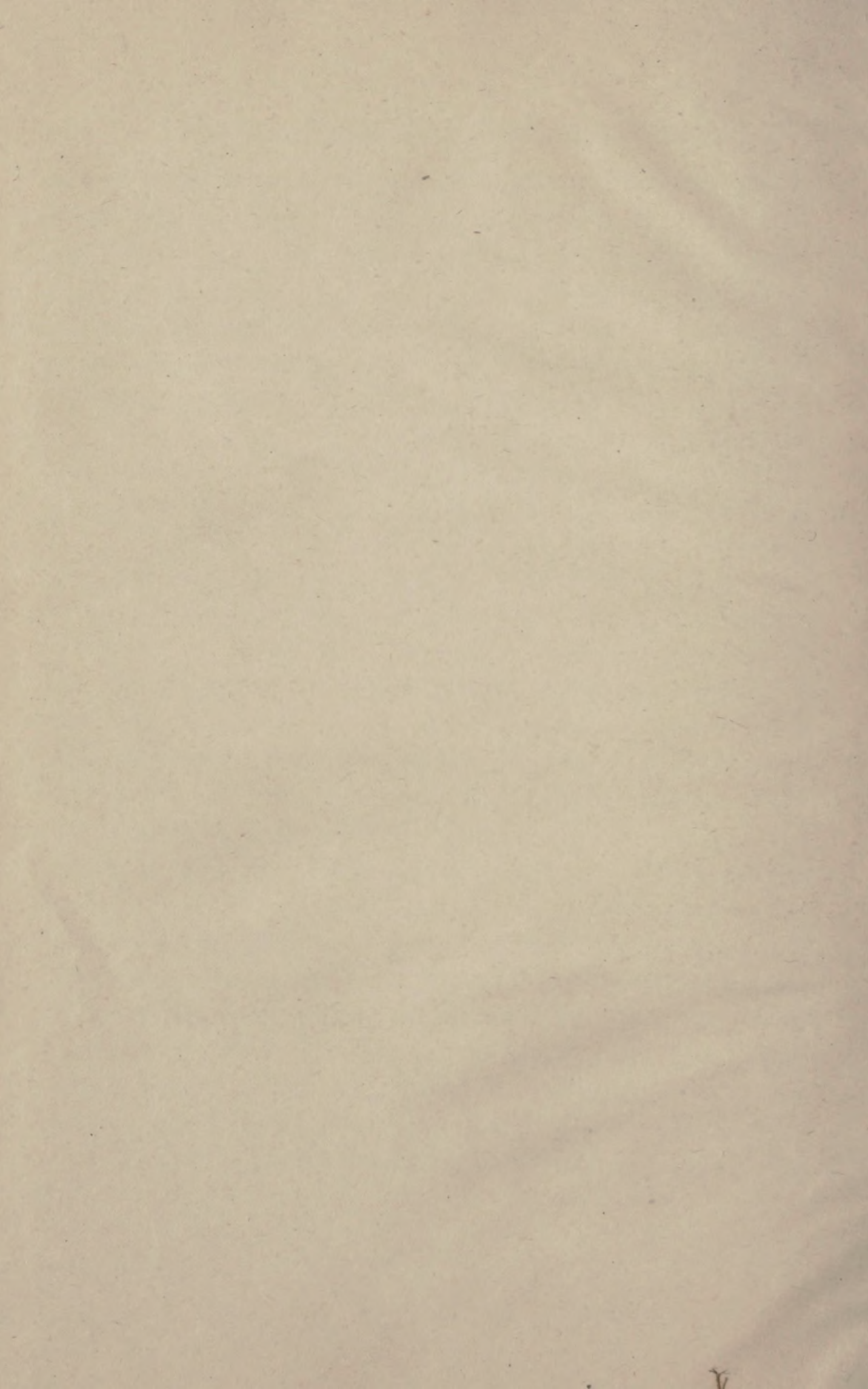
Everybody was now busy making preparations for the wedding which was to be the largest and grandest ever known in Plymouth.

All the bells toned forth their congratulations one bright frosty morning in December, when Henry and Fanny drove to the church where they were pronounced man and wife, "till death doth you part."

Many were the presents and good wishes they received during the day; and all the guests pronounced it to be the prettiest couple yet united.

Indeed they did look happy, which they had a good reason to, they had been hard tried and stood the test which perhaps very few would have stood so well.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard lived a number of years to see their children live a happy life, and as the younger Crusoes grew up, Mr. Maynard would tell them of the adventures of their father in the far north.



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